The Outlook

OCTOBER 5, 1921

THE NATION AND THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

WHAT promises to be a thorough National study of the present unemployment conditions began in Washington last week with impressive addresses by President Harding and Secretary Hoover. The delegates, now increased in number to fifty-one, undoubtedly fairly represent the views of labor and of capital, as well as of the public at large, which is so deeply concerned.

The practical work of the conference began with the concrete measure of forming committees on nine separate aspects of the problem. The most important among these relate to using State and municipal public works as an emergency way of giving jobs to the jobless, and to other emergency plans that might be put in motion in manufacturing, transportation, construction, mining, and shipping. The reports of these committees are due this week, and on them will be based the recommendations of the conference.

President Harding's address was marked by optimism, joined to a serious realization of the actual conditions. He inclined to lay stress on the fact that the problem was that of the world and not of this country alone. Thus he said:

> Liquidation, reorganization, readjustment, re-establishment, taking account of things done and the sober contemplation of things to be done, the finding of firm ground and the open, sure and onward way—all these are a part of the inevitable, and he who thinks they might have been avoided by this plan or that, or this policy or that, only hugs a delusion, when reason is needed for a safe council.

The President pointed out that even under fortunate conditions there are always a million and a half persons in the United States out of work. This may be called the parasite percentage, and the difference between it and the three or four millions now out of work indicates the stress of the present time, while even that large number must always be measured by the vastness of our one hundred million population. Such a condition, the President pointed out, is not unheard of, and America has always met the difficulty courageously. Perhaps the most significant declaration of the President was:

> I would have little enthusiasm for any proposed relief which seeks either palliation or tonic from the public treasury. The excess of stimulation from that source is to be reckoned a cause of trouble rather than a source of cure. We should achieve but little in a remedial way if we continued to excite a contributing cause.

In one point Secretary Hoover's view seems to disagree with the President. The Secretary of Commerce said, positively, "There can be no question that we are on the up grade," whereas the President remarked, "It is difficult to know whether we have reached that bedrock to which reaction runs before the upward course begins." Mr. Hoover, as always, was practical and not rhetorical in his address. He urged that we avoid the plan adopted in some countries abroad of giving direct doles to men out of work, and considered that the most vicious of proposed solutions. In his opinion, it is impossible to decide on the best measures of relief until we reach a clear understanding of the volume and distribution of unemployment.

The country will look with hope and confidence to the results of this extremely important National conference.

SUPER-GOVERNMENT OR SELF-GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY?

THE above title frames a question of life or death to wage-earners, investors, business men, clerks, farmers, dwellers in the city, and dwellers in the country. One way out—the only way that some people see—is by employee representation.

Among the great corporations that have put employee representation into practice is the Pennsylvania Railroad. A few weeks ago representatives of the railway employees were selected by ballot to act generally with representatives of the management in deciding labor questions on the railway. A description of this was given in an article by Sherman Rogers in The Outlook of August 31. In the same issue was printed a letter from Vice-President Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, stating the policy of the management. This policy is opposed by certain great labor organizations. We have received from H. S. Jeffery, councilor of the Legal Department of the Philadelphia-Camden Advisory Boards of the American Federation of Labor, a letter requesting The Outlook to publish a statement representing the views of employees who are not satisfied with the plan adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad. In accordance with the principle of stating both sides of controversial questions, The Outlook has acceded to Mr. Jeffery's request, and we are expecting a letter from Mr. N. P. Good, president of an organization representing certain employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will publish that letter as soon as possible upon its receipt.

In the meantime the Railroad Labor Board has issued an order to the Pennsylvania Railroad which the President of the Railroad has declined to obey. The Outlook will comment editorially upon this question at the same time with the publication of Mr. Good's letter.

RECESS IS OVER

CONGRESS reconvened after its recess on September 21. It is expected that the House will mark time until after the Senate takes some action upon the two most pressing matters now under consideration. There first of all lies awaiting the Senate's ratification the Treaty with Germany. The indications are that there will be strenuous Democratic opposition to this ratification, but that the measure will be passed.

The Finance Committee of the Senate has already placed before that body the majority report on the Tax Bill. It is estimated that the taxes provided for by the Senate will yield some $3,324,000,000 this fiscal year, or $84,000,000 more than is provided for in the House bill. The Senate bill, it is estimated, calls for a reduction of some $136,000,000 from the present law.

A POLITICAL STRAW FROM NEW MEXICO

AFTER a National Administration is put into office politicians watch the by-elections very carefully in an effort to determine the drift of the political tide. Sometimes these elections have little or nothing to do with National affairs, but a local Republican victory under a Democratic Administration or a local Democratic victory under a Republican Administration is always considered as an encouraging sign by the party which is out of power. In England, of course, a succession of defeats at by-elections may result in an overturn of the Premier. So far as the President is concerned, he is safe for four years at least, but the country knows from experience what a change in the majority in either house of Congress may mean to the political fortunes of its National chief.

The first test in a by-election of im-

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International

HOLM O. BURSUM, THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW MEXICO

portance since the inauguration of Mr. Harding occurred in New Mexico on September 21. When Senator Fall resigned from the Senate to take his position as Secretary of the Interior, the Governor of New Mexico appointed Mr. H. O. Bursum as his successor. It is said that this appointment was not welcome by Senator Fall. Senator Bursum has now been elected by a very large majority, a majority which exceeds by five thousand that given to Senator Fall in 1918. The Democratic party apparently bent every effort to defeat Senator Bursum. His majority is less than that given to the electors of Harding and Coolidge last November, but votes in Presidential years always represent high-water marks of popular interest in elections.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

THE Children's Bureau, which is a division of the Department of Labor, has now been in existence about nine years. It has amply justified its value. Those who doubted the desirability of Governmental supervision of questions relating to child welfare and child security must now acknowledge that there was a field to be filled in this direction.

Miss Julia Lathrop, the first Chief of the Children's Bureau, has retired, and is succeeded by Miss Grace Abbott, whose portrait we have pleasure in printing herewith. The appointment is not only a deserved promotion, but an excellent example of the way in which promotions should be made. Miss Abbott is admirably fitted to go on with the work begun by Miss Lathrop. She has held for several years the directorship of the Child Labor Division of the Bureau, which had charge of enforcing the first Child Labor Law. In other ways Miss Abbott has been a valued assistant in the work of the Bureau, and she was twice sent abroad on important missions connected with that work. Like Miss Lathrop, Miss Abbott had an earlier training in Hull House and has had experience in administering social organizations and in dealing with social problems. She holds a degree from the University of Chicago and did graduate work in the University of Nebraska. Miss Lathrop has said of her successor: "Miss Abbott's appointment gives satisfaction to all who desire to see the scientific services of the Government developed and who realize that this is possible only when these services are immune from political considerations and when they can secure the leadership of persons of fine scientific attainment and personal character. These qualities Miss Abbott combines in high degree."

Miss Lathrop's retirement as the head of the Children's Bureau has called out well-deserved praise for her activities in that office. Among other things, she made an extremely valuable review of child labor legislation in the various States, prepared a study of infant mortality and of the lack of vital statistics in many States, and framed the Maternity Bill now before Congress.

(C) Harris & Ewing

MISS GRACE ABBOTT, NEW HEAD OF THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

Miss Abbott is a graduate of the Universities of Nebraska and Chicago, and has been Director of the Chicago League for the Protection of Immigrants. In 1917 she was appointed Director of the Child Labor Division of the Bureau over which she is now Chief

FOR OUR INEVITABLE CITIZENS

THERE is at least one experiment in the training of our future citizenship which is distinctly worth following. It is the attempt of a group of men, organized under the name of "Self-Government Incorporated, A Council for Democratic Training," to establish junior municipalities wherever there seems to be a fertile field for such an endeavor. Perhaps it is wrong to call this attempt an experiment, for some five years ago Ithaca, New York, at the instigation of William R. George, put into effect a most successful organization of this kind. Mr. Hermann Hagedorn describes the accomplishment of this particular junior municipality in the "Survey" for September 16:

> The junior citizens between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one elected their junior mayor, their junior town council, their junior chief of police, judge, street-cleaning commissioner, commissioner of public works, school board, etc., who functioned with extraordinary success until the war came and practically the whole of the junior government was enlisted or was drafted. The junior chief of police captured junior thieves who had baffled the adult official; the junior judge handled delicate truancy cases which the adult judge could not reach; the junior commissioner of public works, a student in the Cornell School of Architecture, gave his adult superior a liberal education in civil engineering and æsthetics.

Glen Ridge, New Jersey, is one of the towns following in the footsteps of Ithaca. In the same article Mr. Hagedorn describes a recent junior meeting in the Borough Hall of that progressive community:

> A boy of seventeen occupied the mayor's chair, a boy of eighteen sat at the clerk's desk, and three young men and three young women occupied the seats of the town councilors. In the presence of an audience which filled the space in the chamber allotted to the public, these eight young people gravely, with incisiveness and not without humor, discussed and took action upon the affairs of Glen Ridge which pertained especially to youth. The proceedings had a decorum which similar meetings of adults not infrequently lack; they were cautious, sensible, and business-like. More than one witness of them said to himself: "Why, of course. Perfectly simple. And the best training for citizenship that ever was devised. Why has no one ever thought of it before?"

The Outlook knows and trusts the men behind this movement. It will be glad to put any of its readers who are anxious to develop interest among the junior members of their community in their own local government in touch with Self-Government Incorporated. This Committee hopes to establish at least one hundred junior municipalities before

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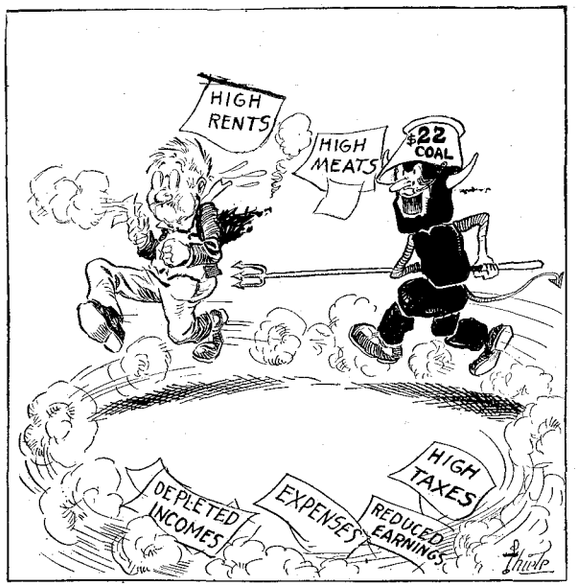
I CAN GET NO REMEDY AGAINST THIS CONSUMPTION OF THE PURSE

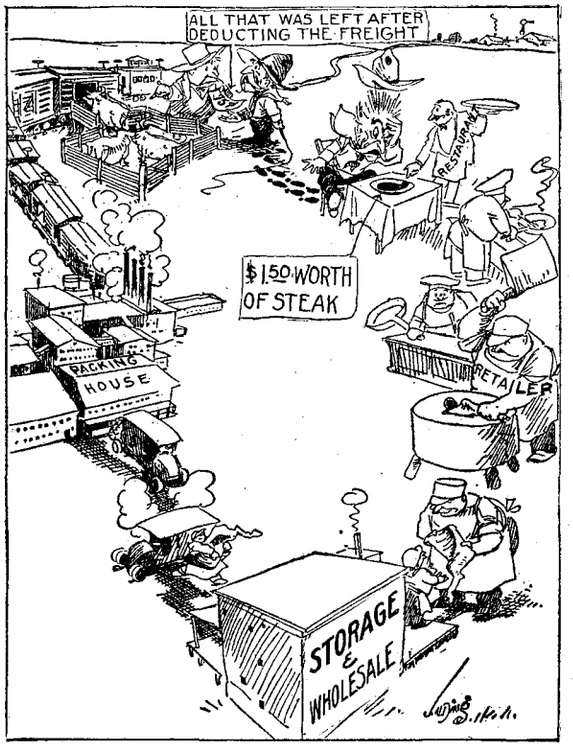
(II Henry IV, Act I, Scene 2)

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



A VICIOUS CIRCLE

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News



THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT A TRAINLOAD OF CATTLE AND A SMALL STEAK

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thomas in the Detroit News

A BATTLESHIP FIGUREHEAD DESIGN

Reid in the New York Evening Mail

I WONDER IF HE'S LOST HIS TASTE FOR CANDY
CANDY
MARKED DOWN
GUESS I'LL SAVE MY MONEY AND BUY A NEW PAIR OF PANTS OR SOMETHING
54 MILLION DOLLARS LESS CANDY BOUGHT BY U.S. THIS YEAR THAN LAST

"DOESN'T COME AROUND AS OFTEN AS HE USETER"

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July 1 of next year. We hope this ambition will be more than realized.

A LITTLE WAR BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

ALBANIA and Serbia, the latter as the chief division of the Jugoslav nation, are both members of the League of Nations. They are bound, therefore, to submit any quarrels between themselves to adjudication by the League and to refrain from aggression or hostile measures one against the other. Moreover, if they fail to do this, they are, under the Covenant, deemed to have committed an act of war against all the member nations of the League.

Despite all this, we have been reading in the despatches of Serbians lining up their artillery and bombarding with shells Albanian villages across the border. One Serbian representative at Geneva is said to have remarked: "Such things are occurring all the time. It has no importance." The basic trouble is that the border line between Serbia and Albania has not yet been definitely fixed. Under the Treaty it lies with the Council of Ambassadors, and they seem to be in no hurry about rendering a decision in what is undoubtedly a complicated question—not so important, of course, as that involved in Upper Silesia, but still one capable of making plenty of trouble.

Once more we have the familiar headline so often recurring for years before the Great War, "Trouble in the Balkans!" We used to look at it as a cry of wolf when there was no wolf, but out of the Balkans came the terrible world catastrophe. The present little war will be settled; but what a light is thrown on the lack of actual power in the League to prevent quarrels between its own members!

BOLSHEVIST BAD FAITH

WHEN Great Britain, early last spring, made with the Soviet Government a commercial compact which involved political clauses, it showed a cheerful confidence in the good faith of Lenine and his crew not justified by their past history.

Now the British Foreign Minister, Lord Curzon, practically tells England that the compact has been treated like a worthless scrap of paper.

The whole trade agreement rested on the guaranty by the Soviets that they would undertake no political propaganda in the East. They have broken this promise in the baldest and most impudent possible way. Thus, Lord Curzon pointed out that in Persia a Soviet Cabinet Minister appeared with active political propaganda and promises of cash, so that, as Lord Curzon said, Persia turned away from England, preferring "to accept the caresses of the Soviet Government—caresses which usually end in strangling those to whom they are applied."

In Afghanistan also the propaganda of the Reds has been offensively pushed. The British Government has laid before the Soviets evidence of gross breaches of faith in Afghanistan, as well as in Central Asia, all going to show a definite policy of intrigue against Great Britain. The agents of the Reds have plotted with the Indian Anarchists and with Afghanistan factions to stir up revolution and dissatisfaction.

The moral is evident. It does not pay to do business with governments which have no sense of business or political honor.

THE OPPAU DISASTER

A GOOD deal of mystery seems to cloud the causes of the terrific explosion which on September 21 wrecked the little town of Oppau, near Mannheim, in Germany. Accounts differ as to precisely what chemicals or gases exploded. One account says that experts declare that the explosion probably occurred in testing the compressive possibilities of a new gas the chemical properties of which were insufficiently known. It was in these very works, the Badische factory, that the first poison gas used in the war was manufactured. It would not do to infer that Germany was here again working out formulas and plans for high explosives and poison gases with a view to wars of the future, but certainly the world would like to know more of what was being done at Oppau. The company which owns the works is largely engaged in the manufacture of aniline dyes, and the manufacture of explosives and injurious gases is closely related to that industry.

The destruction wrought by the explosion was almost unbelievable. A large part of the town was simply wiped out of existence, and in other parts of the town the roofs of whole blocks were swept off as if by a whirlwind. The scene was as desolating and as horrible as that of a battle. The total loss of life exceeded a thousand, and three or four times that number were seriously injured. When we remember that the town had only sixty-five hundred people in it and that a majority of that number were engaged in the Badische works, it is easy to see the frightful character of the explosion. Twenty-five hundred persons were reported to be in the hospitals of neighboring cities the day after the disaster. The only possible way of rescuing the wounded was for the firemen and other workers to wear gas masks, as in a battle. Technically, the explosion is said to have originated in a reservoir containing two hundred tons of ammonium sulphate, and this explosion was followed by others through concussion. It is said that the ammonium sulphate was being subjected to tremendous pressure and a very high temperature in order to produce the new gas for experimental purposes. The financial loss is placed at one hundred and fifty million marks.

LAFAYETTE-MARNE DAY

UNDER the auspices of the National Lafayette Day Committee, September 6, the birthday of General Lafayette, the affectionate friend and faithful aid of General George Washington, was celebrated in various parts of the country. The most important and in a true sense of the word the most romantic of these celebrations took place at Mount Vernon, the hallowed home of Washington, near the Nation's capital. September 6 is also the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne. Memories and interpretations of that great event also formed a part of the celebration. There was also a peculiar significance in the celebration because it so immediately precedes the great peace conference to be held in Washington in November.

The speakers at Mount Vernon were Dr. John Finley, formerly Commissioner of Education of the State of New York; the Honorable James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the United States; and Major-General John F. O'Ryan, one of the most distinguished officers of the American Army during the World War.

Dr. Finley laid stress upon the fact that in celebrating Lafayette's birthday we should celebrate Youth. Lafayette "had not yet emerged from his teens when, after landing in South Carolina, he rode six hundred miles to make proffer of his services as a volunteer, without pay, to Congress and then to Washington, who adopted him as a member of his military family and admitted him into his war council." France embodies in her national spirit the spirit of youth, the spirit of noble impulses. "Here in Lafayette is the incarnation of her perpetual youth. Disinterested in purpose! Thinking not of cost or sacrifice if the cause be just, even though it seems to be lost! Ever beginning again with unquenchable spirit!"

Mr. Beck, one of the earliest and most forceful of those Americans who saw in the onslaught of Germany a threat against all that Americans hold dear in civilization, referred to the Battle of the Marne as "one of the supremely great things in the annals of mankind, possibly the greatest battle ever fought upon this earth, whether regard be had

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to the area over which it was fought, the number of its combatants, or the tremendous issues that depended upon the outcome of that mighty struggle. . . . Could there be in all the world, unless it be the battlefield itself soaked with the blood of hundreds of thousands of men who died for their country, a more sacred place for us to commemmorate this mighty triumph for justice and freedom than Mount Vernon? It was here that lived the great commander under whom for the first time French and American soldiers fought side by side." And he added that if the delegates to the peace conference at Washington in November are animated by the spirit of Washington and Lafayette their deliberations must result in peace based upon justice.

General O'Ryan in his address referred eloquently to those Americans who heard in the Battle of the Marne a call to arms. "There were Americans who from the first, abandoning all expediency, raised their voices in condemnation of the German Government and warned us that the cause of France was vitally the cause of America and it was none other than the cause of liberty. It must always be a source of pride to us as New Yorkers that Theodore Roosevelt and John Purroy Mitchel, both ardent advocates of military preparedness, both lovers of soldiers and of the deeds of soldiers, saw above and beyond the martial side of war and concentrated their talents and their energies towards arousing us to see the moral side of what was going on." General O'Ryan did not speak so warmly of another New Yorker. "When we read," he added, "the recent speech of Mr. Harvey, our Ambassador to Great Britain, to the effect that we went into the war to save our own skins, we were shocked by the frivolous impudence or the base ignorance of one whose official position should prompt him to know something of the generous sentiments and chivalrous purposes of the young men of America who went into the war."

It was a happy choice to make Mount Vernon the scene of the chief celebration of Lafayette-Marne Day. The sentiments and recollections which that celebration evokes must arouse solemn hopes for the outcome of the Washington Conference in November. May there grow out of that Conference a National resolve to create an association of civilized nations which shall maintain peace with justice and protection of the weak by the strong!

TWO GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

AMERICA has a new National amateur golf champion, Jesse Guilford, of the Woodland Club of Boston. Guilford

(C) Keystone

JESSE GUILFORD AND ROBERT GARDNER, VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

first made his appearance in a championship tournament in 1914. He was notable at this time chiefly for his phenomenal driving.

In the seven years which have elapsed Guilford has apparently rounded out his game and succeeded in combining accuracy with his astonishing natural power. In the finals of the championship held at the St. Louis Country Club, in Missouri, Guilford defeated Robert A. Gardner, of Chicago, twice former holder of the championship and runner up last year for the British title, by the overwhelming score of 7 up and 6 to play. The two men who played with Guilford and Gardner in the semi-finals were Charles Evans, of Chicago, and William I. Hunter, the British open champion. Evans was defeated by Guilford and Hunter by Gardner.

In the same week in which the tournament at St. Louis was played, across the Canadian border the title of Woman Champion of Canada was lost and won. The title last year was held by Miss Alexa Stirling. This year neither she nor any other American or Canadian woman was able to withstand the attack of Miss Cecil Leitch, holder of the British title. Miss Leitch hopes to add the American title to her laurels before the season is over.

It seems that, in spite of the growth of the game in the United States, the British are still the foremost golfers of the world. The British professional golfers Abe Mitchell, an Englishman, and George Duncan, a Scotsman, have been making a golfing tour of this country during the summer, meeting both our best amateurs and our best professionals. They have played 91 rounds of 18 holes each on all sorts of courses. The average of each man is 72 and a fraction, an unprecedented record.

FIGHTING FIRE

THE modern fire-fighter, like the modern physician, has come to realize in its full force the truth of the old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Neither fireman nor physician is unprepared to administer the pound of cure if it is needed, but both are more and more bending their energies towards keeping their patients well instead of waiting to cure them after they fall sick.

The patient with whom the fireman is concerned may be described as including practically all the material resources of our modern civilization. The fireman, dressed in the uniform of a forest ranger, stands guard over the vast timber resources of America. In the dirty overalls of a coal miner he goes down into the depths of the earth to prevent the spread of the deadly firedamp which has cost so many thousands of dollars and so many sturdy lives. In the uniform of a sailor he is to be found wherever there are ships upon the seas, keeping a constant watch over the safety of cargo, passengers, and crew.

Each and every one of these men, no matter what his uniform may be, belongs in the great number of fire-fighters upon whom the safety of our property and our lives depends. Face to face with the constant menace of fire, these men know better than any one else how much of that menace is due to carelessness and the willful disregard of the simplest rules of caution. If we turn from these privates in the army of fire-fighters to the experienced chieftains who control the fire departments of our cities, we will hear the same story told.

The annual per capita loss from fire in the United States is at least five times the per capita loss of any other country. More fireproof construction, a larger use of sprinkler systems and chemical extinguishers, a more general understanding of the danger arising from volatile oils, a more searching inquiry into the cause of fires, and the surer and more drastic punishment of fire-bugs will do much to cut down this shameful loss. It will not be brought down to a reasonable ratio, however, until our citizens take it upon themselves to overcome their National inclination towards carelessness and reckless risks. When the danger from a carelessly dropped match or a single pile of combustible refuse may result in a loss of millions of dollars, it seems as though the need for caution and care were too obvious even to need mention. It is the obvious danger, however, which is most often overlooked. As long as Americans continue to tax themselves by their present annual fire loss, they are not in a position

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to cast stones at those who choose to live in the shadow of active volcanoes.

The word "tax" is indeed the proper word to apply to our fire loss, for any loss from fire is a tax which in the end is distributed over the entire community. It is not a matter of indifference to Mr. A. that Mr. B.'s garage burns down from a cigarette stub thrown near a heap of oily waste. Mr. A. will pay part of the loss in the increased insurance premiums on his own property. It is not a matter of indifference to Mr. A. that Mr. C.'s wood-lot is destroyed by the smoldering fire of a careless camper. The wood-lot may not be insured, but the price of fuel and lumber is affected by an accumulation of just such accidents.

It is time for Americans to change themselves to a nation of fire-fighters.

THE AGENDA OF THE ARMS CONFERENCE

AS the host of the foreign Governments to be represented at the Conference that is to begin its sessions at Washington on November 11, the Government of the United States has drawn an outline of subjects to be considered. In doing this the American Government has no intention, as it is clearly understood by all concerned, to exercise any control over the discussion or to limit it in any way, but acts for the convenience of the participants. Informal inquiry has undoubtedly secured information of what other Governments have in mind, and this tentative programme has been drafted in the light of that information. The outline of subjects to be considered, or agenda, as transmitted by the United States to the principal Powers, is as follows:

LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

1. Limitation of naval armament—Basis of limitation. Extent of limitation. Fulfillment of conditions.
2. Rules for control of new agencies of warfare.
3. Limitation of land armament.

PACIFIC AND FAR EASTERN QUESTIONS

1. Questions relating to China—principles to be applied.
2. Application to subjects:
   (*a*) Territorial integrity.
   (*b*) Administrative integrity.
   (*c*) Open Door—equality of administrative and industrial opportunity.
   (*d*) Concessions—monopolies and other economic privileges.
   (*e*) Development of railways.
   (*f*) Preferential railroad rates.
   (*g*) Status of existing commitments. Questions relating to Siberia. Similar questions relating to China.
3. Mandated islands.

The topics which we mentioned last week as being likely to be under discussion at the Conference—such as "the Open Door," possible trusteeship for China, revisions of taxes, tariffs, currency, and legal procedure in China—are all specific questions which would come under one or another of the headings in this programme.

Although questions as to armament come first on the programme, there is no indication that they will necessarily come up first for discussion. On the contrary, there is every indication that, in whatever order the subjects are considered, the decisions as to armament, if any decisions are to be made, must wait upon the settlement of certain questions of policy. Armaments are tools used by nations for the purpose of defending or enforcing their policies. If a nation's policies are not questioned or likely to be questioned, it will have little occasion for using those tools. If its policies are in danger of being questioned or resisted, it will either have to abandon its policies or find some tools for defending or maintaining its policies. If a nation is strong in men and resources and believes its policies are right, it is not likely to abandon them, and therefore is likely to find some tools by which to persuade other nations not to interfere. In a group of strong nations such as are to assemble in Washington it is therefore imperative that there should be some understanding as to one another's policies and some agreement as to a mutual course of action concerning them before there can be any real limitation of armaments. No one with reason expects this Conference to result in disarmament or anything like disarmament; but every one may reasonably expect a limitation or even reduction of armaments if the United States, Great Britain, and Japan can agree on certain policies in the Pacific and Far East. It is for that reason that the Pacific and Far Eastern questions on this programme are much the most important of all questions to be discussed.

It is true that concerning Europe as well as the Far East there are problems remaining unsolved. To France those problems are paramount. Month by month France has come to realize more and more her growing isolation on the Continent. As one of her journalists, Jacques Bainville, says in "La Liberté" concerning the withdrawal of American and lessening of British troops on the Rhine, it would be unjust to leave to the French the whole task of mounting guard and then reproach them with having too many soldiers. "If we are obliged to maintain costly armaments," he adds, "it is not for our amusement. It is because we have not a good Peace Treaty. There is the reply all ready, if at Washington any one should raise the question of French militarism." This states clearly the relation between European problems and the question of land armaments, for the maintenance of armies in the world to-day is largely for the enforcement of European policies. Naturally, therefore, the French are chiefly interested in the subject of limitation of land armament and the policies that affect the European Continent. The policies concerning the Pacific and the Far East can be enforced only or at least chiefly by naval armament, and it is naval armament which is imposing on the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan their principal financial burdens. Therefore, so far as those three countries are concerned, naval armament and the policies of the Far East and Pacific are going to be the prime questions under discussion.

IMMORTAL D'ARTAGNAN

THE love of adventure and romance never dies. The imagination still craves for it in literature. Neither the realist nor the psycho-analyst can banish it. If the modern novelist does not satisfy this longing, we may always turn to the old masters of romance—and to whom more often than to the first Dumas, that great novelist of adventure from whom plot and intrigue, the clashing of swords and the gallop of horses' hoofs, the splendor of the Court and the jest of the tavern, masked ladies and gallants with sweeping plumes, came so abundantly and so gayly? Probably, too, when Dumas is named, most of us think first of D'Artagnan, although the prisoner of the Château d'If and Chicot who jests and fights his way through the beloved Valois romances may have each his adherents. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself no mean romancer, exclaims: "Not even my friends are quite so dear as D'Artagnan."

It was inevitable that "The Three Musketeers" (so called, as the old jest goes, because there were four and only one was a musketeer) should be meat for the movies. Three separate versions have been—and still are, we believe—on the screen. It was equally inevitable that sooner or later Douglas Fairbanks must act D'Artagnan. Nature has given him many requisites for the part. The joyous smile, the lively optimism, the readiness in resource, the ceaseless activity, all are common to the actor and the part. He is not the perfect or complete D'Artagnan because he is sometimes acrobatic where D'Artagnan was agile; a comical gymnast who leaps tables, throws benches, or scales walls where D'Artagnan was a brave and brill-

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iant swordsman. But Douglas would not be Douglas without his own peculiar pranks, and probably his audiences like him all the better as he is. His performance assuredly has dash, and it has also the feeling of romance and ardor. As this version of the story is arranged we have before us only the youthful, impetuous, reckless fighter and adventurer, not the wily, long-headed campaigner and cavalier that D'Artagnan became—and this also fits well with Douglas Fairbanks's gifts.

Altogether, the new screen play of the immortal romance is a spirited and enjoyable performance—a striking contrast to the senseless "comedies," the mawkish vampire plays, and the trite Wild Western thrillers from which the art of the screen has not yet freed itself. When we think of D'Artagnan hereafter, we shall be apt to vision him through the cheerful grin of Douglas.

A special word of credit should be awarded this version of "The Three Musketeers" for the pictorial skill with which it reproduces the Paris of Louis XIII. The streets, the houses, the vehicles, the shopkeepers, as well as the palaces and courtiers' costumes, have been planned and grouped with elaborate art and picturesque effect. The acting, too, apart from the central figures, is generally, but not invariably, good. Cardinal Richelieu is notably well done, with quiet, deliberate effectiveness; D'Artagnan's comrades in arms are a bit too much subordinated to him; that is natural enough, but the Dumas lover rather misses the full flavor of Porthos's personality, while Aramis is far from being the elegant, subtle Jesuit and gallant of the book.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
D'Artagnan Athos Porthos Aramis

The popularity of such a picture play as this suggests that the literature of adventure has not yet been fully searched for dramatic episodes that may appeal to the eye without offending either one's taste or one's reason.

Romance like that of Dumas's D'Artagnan is what an old writer had in mind when he spoke of "that which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner."

OUR UNKNOWN LANGUAGE

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

IT is a well-worn joke to affirm that Americans speak a different language to us Englishmen. The "la-di-da" Englishman who prefaces every remark with "By Jove" and the coarse, blustering American who can say nothing without first ejaculating "I guess" are fortunately only products of the music-hall, but the difference in accent is there clearly enough, and, if anything, it is a pleasant difference. The concise tones of the New Yorker, the soft drawl of the South—we should be as sorry to lose these as we should regret the disappearance of the Irish brogue or the Scottish burr.

But there is another aspect of our common language which is fast being forgotten. Very few Englishmen, and I would venture to say even fewer Americans, realize how astonishing rich is the English language in history and legend. Every hour of the day we use phrases which have behind them centuries of custom. The business man in his sky-scraper, dictating a business letter in a businesslike way, would probably be surprised if you pointed to some of his phrases and said, "That represents an old superstition which has been handed down from the Roman Empire," or "That word is really the relic of a piece of old English economic history." But it would be true none the less, and in these days of careless speech and slipshod language it would be an extremely valuable lesson if we could realize how many of our words and phrases are not only words and phrases, but little poems and histories in themselves.

For instance, how many people realize that when talking about their "Adam's apple" they are giving expression to a legend nearly as old as the hills?

The legend is that when Adam ate the fatal apple a portion of the succulent fruit stuck in his throat and made the lump which for ever after men have to carry as a warning. Hence the man with a big Adam's apple is supposed to be all the more wary of Eve!

Such phrases are scattered richly throughout our language. For instance, when we say that something is "not worth a rap," most of us imagine that a "rap" means a rap of the knuckles. But the true origin of the phrase dates from George I, when the "rap" was a counterfeit coin in Ireland which passed itself off for a halfpenny, but was really worth practically nothing.

It is the same with the phrase "mare's nest," of which we make frequent use nowadays. "Mare" here has nothing to do with a horse. The word is a corruption of Mara, a particularly malevolent demon, possessing, according to our forefathers, a nest filled with marvelous jewels and gold. Whether he existed or not, he certainly influenced our speech, for whenever we refer to "nightmares" we are again unconsciously evoking the same evil being.

Some of our expressions which seem absolutely meaningless have a sound historical basis, such as "blue stocking." To-day it means a bookworm of the female sex. It has nothing to do with anything so indelicate as hosiery. But in the sixteenth century in Paris and Venice there really were societies of learned women who wore bright-blue stockings to distinguish them from their ignorant sisters.

In the same way, when you talk about a "baker's dozen" you are actually re-

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calling a piece of old English economic history. Bakers used to be so heavily fined for giving short weight that they threw in an extra loaf to be sure that they were on the safe side.

A knowledge of language makes many expressions clear which have hitherto been dark to most people. Why should you say "you don't care a fig"? Perhaps you may be very fond of figs, and the word would therefore mean nothing. But when you know that "fig" is from *fico*, the Italian equivalent for a snap of the fingers, you will be talking sense. And when you talk about taking "umbrage" it is worth while to know that the word comes from the Latin *umbra*, which means shade, or gloominess.

WORDS THAT HAVE CHANGED

Many of our own words have meanings quite different from that which they bear to-day. "Boudoir," that sanctum of fragrant femininity, really means a place to sulk in, from the French *bouder*, to sulk. And "etiquette" is merely the French for label. It is not difficult to see how it came to be applied to the various proprieties which we find so tedious, although so necessary, to-day.

But it is because of their historical associations that many of our words are so remarkably interesting. When the last Presidential election was raging, how many Americans knew the origin of the word "candidate"? In the old Roman elections the rivals were obliged to present themselves, clad in white, in the Forum. And the Latin for white, as Macaulay's schoolboy would tell you, is *candidus*. Hence the word.

The Romans, indeed, are responsible for naming a good many precious English and American institutions. When you next draw your "salary," remember its origin. For the people in the provinces through which the Roman governor was wont to travel were obliged to provide him, when he halted, with food for his horses and salt for himself. *Sal* is the Latin for salt, and *salarium* means "salt money."

Again, the word "sincere" is a positive romance in itself. It really means "without wax," which in Latin is *sine cera*. The legend runs that the Romans, being devoid of stick-fast, used to make their cracked vases whole again by filling up the crevices with wax. So a "sincere" bowl meant a bowl that really was what it looked, and was not a broken vessel in disguise.

What a mine of legend, too, is in that innocent-looking word "peculiar"! If you remember your Latin, you will know that *pecus* means cattle. And as cattle were the first form of property known to man, the word came to be used for private property, and eventually for something which was "peculiar" to the person of whom you were speaking.

One could quote indefinitely. "Mystery," from the Greek for "to shut one's eyes;" "remorse," which is merely the Latin for "biting again;" "good-bye," so lightly spoken, and yet meaning, every time, "God be with you."

TOWN NAMES

And then think of the wonder of the name of the town you live in! Americans here may think that, with their young country, the names of their towns may have little history attached to them. I will not endeavor to lay down the law on a subject of which I am profoundly ignorant, but if the names of American towns had only a quarter of the romance which attached to the names of our towns over here, the study of them would still be entrancing.

How many Irishmen know that Dublin is merely the Irish for "black pool" (*dubb linn*)? Or that the name of that distressful city Cork is really a corruption of *corcoch*, meaning a swamp, on the site of which their city was originally built?

Anglo-Saxon history lives again in such names as Tewkesbury, which is called after the hermit Theoc, near whose cell the ancient monastery of Tewkesbury was founded. Merthyr-Tydfil, in Wales, where the strikes come from, is a little poem in itself. It means "the martyr Tydfil." Tydfil was the daughter of a Welsh chief named Brechan. The name of this chief is perpetuated in the county of Brecon, and his daughter was put to death on the very place where Merthyr stands to-day.

Some of the names are obvious, though beautiful. It needs no great erudition to tell that Westmorland is the "land of the western moors," nor that Northumberland is the "land north of the Humber."

But others are not so obvious. For example, the philologists do not yet seem to have made up their minds about Glasgow, the greatest city in Scotland. There are many suggested meanings, but I think the prettiest is also the most probable. It is pure Celtic—*glas*, which means green, and *ghu*, which means dear. And so we get "the dear green place." It must have been a long time since anybody has called it that.

Look through your guide-books and you will learn more history in five minutes than you would gain from hours of study. Tiverton, which comes from Twy-ford-ton, "the town at the two fords;" Nottingham, which used to be Snottingham, the place of caves; Rutland, which means, quite simply, the land which is red.

And, finally, London itself. Here again philologists differ, but there is not really much difficulty. For the ancient British for pool was *linn*, and the fort was *dunn*. And so we see, across the bustle of the London streets, the dim picture of a fort by the side of still waters, across which were perhaps passing your ancestors and mine.

We are often asked what book we should take with us on a desert island, if we could take but one. Mine would be an English dictionary!

HOME HUNGER

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

THERE lies a glory on familiar places,
Born of old dreams and long-remembered faces,
Touching all earthly things of mortal fancy
With an unearthly and immortal necromancy.

In that warm light lost hopes have being,
Dim figures live; there clouded eyes have seeing
Beyond the stars mysteriously wheeling,
Beyond Time's slow, inexorable revealing.

All hungers change, forever and forever,
Save the one hungering that changes never;
While that endures there may be cause for laughter—
Laughter, and the brave hope that follows after.

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IN PRAISE OF HESITANCY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

"I LOVE," says Montaigne, "those words of phrases which modify and moderate the temerity of our propositions: *'It may be; peradventure; in some sort; some; it is said; I think,'* and such like. And had I been to instruct children, I would so often have put this matter of answering in their mouth; inquiring and not resolving; *What means it? I understand it not; It may well be; Is it true?* that they might rather have remained learners until threescore years of age, than to present themselves doctors at ten, as many do. *Whosoever will be cured of ignorance must confess the same.* . . . There is one kind of ignorance that is strong and generous, which for honor and courage is not less than knowledge; an ignorance which to conceive rightly, there is required no less learning than to conceive true learning."

When I read this, I am much comforted. For years I have been falling into a habit of hesitancy much at variance with the firmness, assurance, and promptness of opinion habitual to me in former years. I find myself less and less able to make up my mind in a condemnatory manner; and I have fallen into the custom of putting off judgment. I find myself possessed always of a certain hesitancy when it comes to giving a final, or even sometimes an initial, opinion. "Either, or," two words that used to settle for me many disputes, fall more and more into disuse with me as time goes on. It becomes increasingly difficult for me to speak with finality and a dismissing gesture.

There was a time when this change, in a measure, even alarmed me. Was I growing feeble, I who had prided myself on the strength and clearness of my mentality? Would I turn out to be shilly-shally and irresolute; I who had been in my teens sometimes more terrible than an army with banners in my definite justice and righteous and determined exactions? Was I growing changeable, irresolute, that I no longer could on the instant tell what was right, what was wrong, in answer to a moral problem affecting the lives of others?

But I no longer worry over this hesitancy. I have given it some thought, and am convinced that it is but the natural fruit of certain seeds of experience sown years ago.

Indeed, I take that to be one of the greatest satisfactions of the cumulative years, that we may from them look back to earlier ones and note there the beginnings of our later wisdoms or persuasions; the inception of some belief or conviction or habit now dear and well established in our lives; the seed or flower from which the fruit has grown.

I have not in mind the seed consciously and often laboriously planted by ourselves and others, later to bloom in the little gardens of our civil and religious beliefs, or the broad, conventional acres of our definite education; I mean rather those unapprehended seeds scattered in untilled, unexpected places by the hand of a generous chance, those seeds which later as we walk unexpectant refresh our vision or delight our minds with an unlooked-for blooming or an unforeseen fruitage.

It was, I am persuaded, in just such a chance sowing that the hesitancy of my riper years had its unsuspected beginning.

I was traveling in a day coach in West Virginia. It was midsummer. The car was unpleasantly crowded with an average rather noisy summer crowd, such as gets on or off at way stations in the average American rural district. I was probably eighteen years old. I came of a traditional and conventional people.

I had not gone far on my journey when I became aware of a near-by situation which roused my immediate and decided disapproval. A young woman seated just back of me had, as I could not but overhear, opened a conversation and scraped up an acquaintance with a stranger, a young man who was seated beside her.

Needless to say, my code condemned such a performance entirely. It can be imagined, then, with what growing disapproval and distaste I overheard the newly acquired friendship progressing by leaps and bounds. Shortly the girl was showing her new acquaintance some photographs she had lately had taken; and he was asserting his determination to appropriate one of them.

"All right," she said, cheerfully; "I don't mind."

If I was disgusted before, I was very nearly indignant now, that any one with whom I and my traditions shared girlhood should so lower the level of its ideals. What, forsooth, could the ideals of men come to in the hands of that type of girl?

I turned away indignantly. An old lady, very deaf, across the aisle several seats ahead was asking some question of the conductor and anxiously holding up her ear-trumpet in which to receive his answer. He paused for only a moment, gave her, I thought, a little grudgingly the required information, and moved on again.

I was just making some mental comment on his rudeness also and the general crudeness of the surroundings in which I found myself when the girl back of me flounced into the aisle.

"Good land!" I heard her say. "Excuse me! I'll be back in a second. Ain't he a loo-loo!"

I saw her fly like a bird to the old lady, bend over the ear-trumpet, and shout into it the most friendly and complete directions.

"Now, don't you worry," she concluded, patting the old lady on the arm. "You just trust to me. I won't forget you. I'll tell you when we get there."

This was disarming. Not that it excused her other forward and crude behavior, but it made it impossible to judge her entirely by that. I caught her eye as she flounced back to her place. It was as clear as brook water, and as hazel and friendly.

But no! She really was impossible! I now heard her gabbling with resumed freedom and cordiality to her companion. She had taken from her valise a box of candy.

"Go on! Have one!" I heard her say. "Well, then, I'll pick them out for you. Yes, you can, too! Don't tell me you haven't got a sweet tooth!"

No, really, she was from my eighteen-year-old conventional standpoint impossible. I remained firm in my condemnation. One must have some standards!

Just as I had decided this a pretty and plump hand holding a box of caramels appeared over my shoulder and she said:

"Do have a piece of candy! It's an awful hot journey, and you look tired."

I was too completely disarmed not to take a piece, and I even turned and smiled at her as I thanked her. That bright hazel eye of hers, like the bright eye of a bird, when she had caught my former glance had generously read my severity and disapproval to be not these at all, but only fatigue.

A moment later I saw her bending again over the old lady's ear-trumpet once more, like a happy bee over a flower:

"Now, don't you worry; I'll tell you when we get there. Have a piece of candy. Do! My land! Take two!"

It is a trifling enough incident, you see. I remember telling it, for some years after that, as a good joke on myself; but, looking back on it now, it appears it was a notable beginning. Here undoubtedly, but how unsuspectedly then, was sown the seed of how much of my later hesitancy! When quick judgments or sure criticisms rose within me, how were they obliged, remembering that unimportant young woman, to hesitate, to pause and consider, and in some cases to withdraw themselves entirely! As the years unfolded, cases of a similar significance multiplied, and I who had been so sure in my opinions, so definite in my speech and uncompromising in my judgments, began to be reluctant to commit myself to any entire condemnation, unwilling to sit in any final judgment.

Of course all this is disconcerting, for there is, as I well remember, a great deal of satisfaction in possessing a firm, downright opinion, strongly expressed and stubbornly adhered to. Judgment is given then once for all. The case is dismissed. One is ready for the next on the docket.

But by all means the most disconcerting phase of the whole matter is that I am no longer able to enjoy a clean,

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downright, justifiable dislike of any one. No sooner do I formulate such a dislike and come to take a kind of comfort in the reasonableness of an antipathy than the disliked person proceeds to do something likable; something which disproves and upsets and nullifies my judgments; and if this be not the very flower and spirit of that incident long ago when that breezy and condemnable young woman offered me her box of chocolates and shouted sympathy and consolation into the old lady's ear-trumpet, then I know little of flower and fruitage.

An old gentleman whom I roundly detest for his most detestable temper walked three miles in the rain only yesterday to bring me back an umbrella I had left at his house, and deposited with it a ripe peach in manner of what I can only suppose is friendliness and admiration. And how is one totally to condemn a person of such commendable taste? Some one who has done me a most unwarranted wrong now does me a most unexpected and unnecessary kindness, which has the effect of setting all my reckonings and accounts of him in disorder. The old woman whom I rightly enough took to be a penny-pincher and a miser is wearing herself out, it now appears, to give her brother's nephew-in-law's stepbrother a chance at an education; the old shrew next door who never has anything good to say of her neighbors, and is reduced thereby to the companionship of only a cat, is, they tell me, the best and tenderest nurse in the village; give her but sickness to deal with, there is none to equal her. The maid who is so faithless, so negligent, and who will not keep the corners dusted, sat, they tell me, the whole night through, when I was ill of late, by my bed's foot and, like some faithful animal creature, could not be tempted to eat or sleep until she was assured that I was better.

So, you see, little by little, my old firmness and determinations have been taken away from me; and, though my speech and English are as clear as ever they were, my opinion hesitates and my judgment goes stuttering. I no longer cling stubbornly to an opinion, because I know from multiform experience a better one may soon follow it. I draw towards conclusions more and more slowly, and often never reach them at all.

So, too, as my sureness concerning others has been modified, that concerning myself has in large measure deserted me. I am no longer as determined and arrogant as I am desirous and hopeful, and my sureness of success comes now, not before, but after the performance. I am somewhat of the temper of the little engine which, going up a steep grade, said to itself slowly over and over, but not too surely: "I think I can! I *think* I can! I *think* I can!" and who reserved certainty until it had gone over the summit; and then, and then only, allowed itself the rapid satisfaction and safe luxury of remarking: "I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could!" So, though I am always mightily pleased to find afterward that my opinion was a just one, I am not by any means certain of it on a steep grade.

But all this I believe to be, after all, the natural development of an observing mind. Sun and rain and the passing seasons commonly produce growth. If we have had a large experience, we ripen with the year like fruit on a wall. Uncertainty and hesitancy that might justly be counted sickly in green youth, which by its nature and greenness is somewhat hard, become rather the very juice and sweetness, the ripeness and mellowness, of later years. And so long as I ripen I shall suppose that I am in a measure fulfilling my human destiny.

And you? What is your story?

A NOCTURNE OF BATUM

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

AT the southeastern bend of the Black Sea is the maritime town of Batum, in Georgia, known for years to the world as a place that has cast oil on troubled waters. The oil is the oil that is run by pipe-line and tank car from Baku, on the Caspian, and the waters are those of the Black Sea, furrowed since the war by the keels of many ships from Constantinople, Alexandria, Marseilles. I lately came from eight days in Batum, and eight nights so different from the days that I am not yet sure whether they happened or whether I dreamed them. Sleep in Batum is likely to be perturbed and intermittent. I had a high and narrow room, facing a cobbled street that was a gallery of strident voices and their raucous echoes, of revolver shots and patrol whistles, of shrill vituperation and profane repartee, of vehicles upset and wrecked, of drunken revelers and crying peddlers, of folk who never went home and pleading mendicants who had no home to go to, of night watchmen with sharp challenges. Yet over the acacia trees, the vines and figs and poplars, the white, blue, and gray walls of cement and the yellow smears of signs upon them, where the soft tropic moonlight came it poured a molten, shimmery magic of white fire to fuse and blend them all, and you could forget in that lustrous loveliness of the night the uproarious voices, the various aromas of fish and animals and vegetables and sewage on the beach. And there were mountains in the distance under torn veils of cloud, and starry lamps of cottages set here and there on high, and in the dark harbor boats were tossing dimly, their spars raking the sky, their lanterns hung, their crews slumbering, perhaps on piled hay among the cattle patient on the decks. The sights and the sounds, all hours of the twenty-four, wiped out the centuries not merely between our times and piracy, but between our day and the days of the Bible, when men threshed grain in the same way, and tended cattle in like manner, and spoke with similar furious gestures and aspects even about the slightest things. The clouds come on a man's brow and his talk grows angry as suddenly as the storms are born at sea and the voice of the wind begins to rave in the blackness. There is still a deal that is primeval and elemental here, as though the world had not moved since blind Homer sang; and I cannot believe it was twenty-three hundred years since Xenophon and his Ten Thousand came over the mountain brow at Trebizond, near Batum, and yelled, "The sea, the sea!" When my boat landed me at Trebizond, I still could hear their voices shouting in the wind as peltasts and hoplites poured down upon the shore at last to find, after the perils of their terrible journey overland, the waterway that was to bring them home to Greece.

The traveler who writes about mosquitoes usually does so with apologies for mentioning so trivial an incubus. Thus Hesketh Prichard writes of their annoyances in Labrador; thus Lieutenant Strain and others who surveyed in Panama complained and explained what a sore infliction of the insects it was in the old days; and surely the plague of lice was not the least of those that were visited on the folk of Egypt till they let the chosen people go. As I lay on my cot in Batum listening to the thin and wiry song of mosquitoes of all ages in the ascending and descending scales of all keys, I thought of the ancientness of that wavering monotone, so like the song that a lonely shepherd sings when he tends his flocks by some meager rill of the Levant to-day. Or it is like the muezzin of the priest in his lofty minaret, and it has the same quality of aloofness, for the author of the music remains elusive and afar and out of reach. I had a bottle of medicament once which would have done for the mosquitoes very handily; but, alas! I lost it out of my saddlebags while crossing the Araxes River, with the water round my waist as I bestrode the horse; and in all Georgia I doubt if it is possible to find another bottle of this precious lotion so deleterious to mosquitoes. There was no netting in the window,

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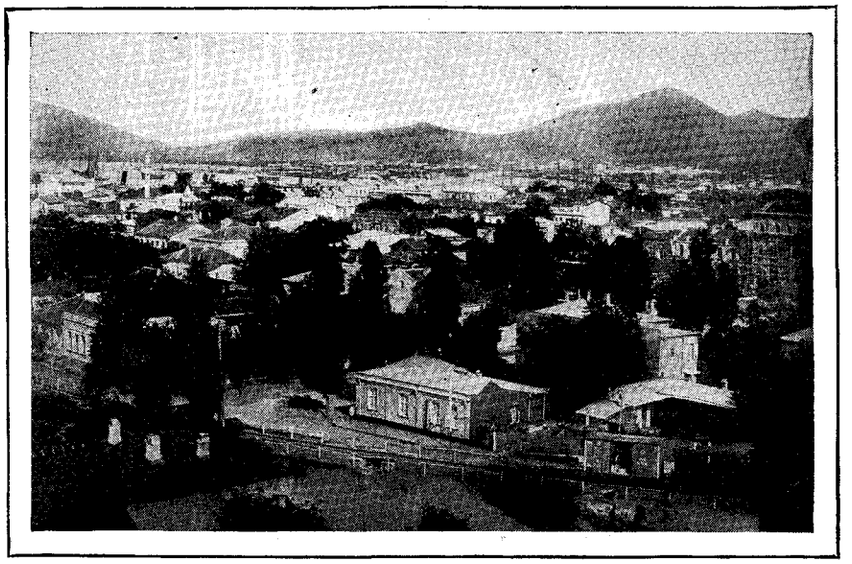
and even if I had some, the window was so inaccurately built that there were great gaps between the frames and the panes where the mosquitoes trooped in rejoicing with the advent of the evening star to wait for me.

There was a rat forever rummaging under the table and forever returning to the assault on corners of my baggage after I had made a great upheaval and boisterous commotion to put him out of business. Little he cared for the fuss I made. He abode quiet in his corner that I never could find, and when the tumult was over he emerged, always invisibly though never inaudibly, and was at it again, his racket like the turbulence of kettle-drums beneath the gentler wind instruments of the mosquitoes' symphony.

Under the window stood a sentinel, on guard of the benzine and supplies that were stored beneath me—enough to blow me to the moon if some one misthrew a lighted cigarette. There were blazed trails of butts and matches upstairs and down and everywhere in this "Hotel Aurora," as it is so euphemistically styled. The sentinel hated loneliness, and had innumerable friends. Across the street on the wall of a rival hostelry a sign read: "Breakfasts, dinners, drunks." The breakfasts and dinners, I presume, were confined within doors, but the drunks were not, and as they came down the street they all hilariously paused to pass the time of night with our sympathetic sentinel. When once he had propped them up against his wall, they evidently were afraid that if they tried to move away they would fall down again. So they beguiled his isolation and detracted his eyes and ears from duty with their bibulous conversation, and he listened, and once every so often he chimed in with an agreement. Nothing in this street could be said or sung *sotto voce*. Everything was *fortissimo*. Moreover, there were relays of orators and vocalists. One shift was likely to go off with the first ear-splitting salutations of the roosters in the darkest hours before the dawn. But to their relief came sons of the morning who seemed to have no business that tied them down to office hours. The cafés were forever bright and loud with them. They could sleep all day if they liked. Their real business seemed to be to tantalize the all-day workers with their all-night powwow and palaver. Did I say all-day workers? Nobody, strictly speaking, works all day in Batum. Nobody is busy between noon or one and four in the afternoon. With a gallant clang the solid iron shutters close the windows of the shops, and the street is dreary. To complete the authentic picture of a cemetery it only needed obituary inscriptions on the shutters; the ghosts of a dead and buried business during these hot sunlight hours were abroad in a city of the dead. It is an error to suppose that ghosts can promenade only in a witching hour of the night; if you have the eye of faith, you may encounter them in the broad blaze of noonday, gliding through the market-place. "At least I'm sure it may be so in" Georgia.



"BATUM, IN GEORGIA, KNOWN FOR YEARS TO THE WORLD AS A PLACE THAT HAS CAST OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS"

The spiders are no such feeble folk as the conies of the Scripture. I killed a hairy beast that on his fuzzy feet stood one inch and a half high, and, measured from toe to toe when outstretched, his diameter was four inches. That is a super-spider worthy to lord it over all small red gnats, all mites and earwigs, all trivial chits of flies, bees, wasps, hornets, and lesser breeds of insectivora whatsoever. If I were such a spider, I would never stir. I would have breakfast, dinner, and supper in bed; I would expect the whole of the insect world, fearfully hypnotized, to converge upon my door as the ship of brass is drawn to the rock in Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeous setting of "Scheherazade." I would be such a lodestone that no smaller creature of wings and stings could resist me. Indeed, I was so impressed by this monster of spiderdom that I hated to crush out his life with the end of a piece of board; but he might have proved alarming to visitors, and, even as "a fly is as untamable as a hyena," so a spider is an untractable creature when it comes to inviting him to walk out of his own parlor.

One evening stands out in memory—the last of my stay. Word came in the night of a man who was dying of pneumonic plague—a rare and particularly deadly combination of contagious diseases; and it was feared his guard would leave him. The road to the hospital in an old barracks building took one three miles from the heart of the town into the lap of the hills. There was a tall double file of poplar trees standing like canyon walls on the way to the open space where the buildings of the extemporized field hospital were grouped. There were fluffy white clouds on the mountains, and the air carried the smell of evergreens down from the high places to where the sufferers tossed and moaned. We went from one long shed to another, and most of them held rows of mattresses, hastily built of straw, burlap, and twine; and on the mattresses patients were dying with or recovering from bubonic plague, typhus, typhoid, malaria, and a category of pernicious ailments. A lantern burned in each house of pain, and through the open door at either end we saw a white nurse moving to bestow a cup of water here or turn a head-rest there. The head-rest never was a real pillow, and usually was a bundle of the old rags which the patient had worn—the entire wardrobe dubiously sterilized by washing in hot water, though there never were hands enough to mend the tattered garments.

In a shed we found the man we sought, quite by himself except for the sentinel, who, after all, had been true to his trust. This shed was open at the sides and the ends to the caress of the night breezes. The patient lay on a pile of straw beside a door. A lantern hung from a nail on a post in the center of the shadowy space. On the other side of the post the guard lay on another pile of straw asleep. They had the airy room to themselves, these two. But on one side of the pillar was life, robust and sturdy, a picture of health, comfortable, peaceful, snoring. On the other side lay the wan and meager refugee, white in the face as a stalk of asparagus and dead as a stone. "Yes," said the guard, with a yawn, when we woke him, "he died half an hour ago. Four jackals came to that door and looked in, but I waved my stick and they ran away. It is good that he is gone. He was in great pain. He was writhing when he died."

The white moon poured in at the doorway, and one could fancy that somewhere in the blanching radiance a spirit lifted from its worn and broken tenement was moving triumphantly away from the misery and the penury that had been the lot of this man on earth, onward and upward to where on weary and frustrated lives the day breaks and the shadows flee.

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THE NEW FIRE-FIGHTERS

CHIEF KENLON says: "Three thousand people are burned to death each year in North America; fifteen thousand are maimed or injured; between three hundred million and four hundred million dollars' worth of property is destroyed each year by fire. Most of this destruction is the result of individual carelessness. If the older generation cannot break off its careless habits, then I would urge the educators of America to train the rising generation more effectively. This loss cannot go on, or it will bring on an economic disaster. Rich as this country is, it cannot afford to burn up this amount of property through carelessness each year."

Quoted from an article by Newton Fuessle, published on page 174 of this issue of The Outlook

Social Press Association

FIRE WIPES OUT A WALL-PAPER PLANT IN NEW YORK CITY

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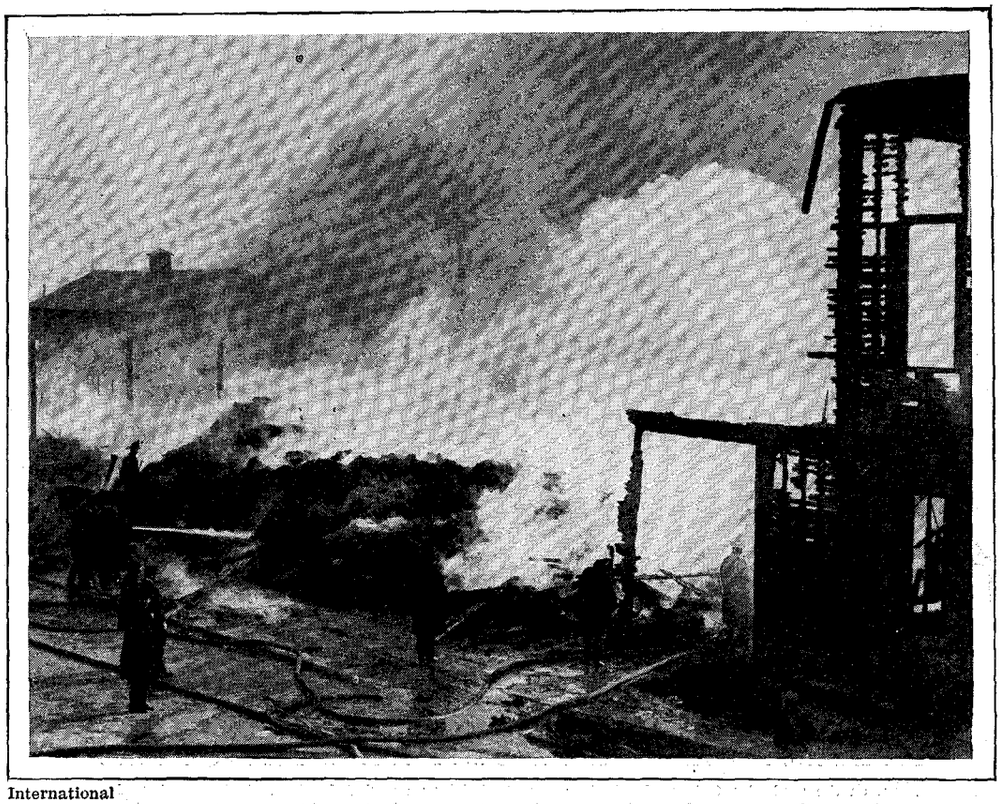
AND THEIR ANCIENT FOE

Underwood

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF ONE OF THE LARGEST WOODEN-BOX FACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY AFTER FIRE HAD DONE ITS WORK



International

COTTON MAY BE KING, BUT AT TIMES HE PAYS HUGE TAXES TO FIRE THIS WAS ONE OF THE TIMES

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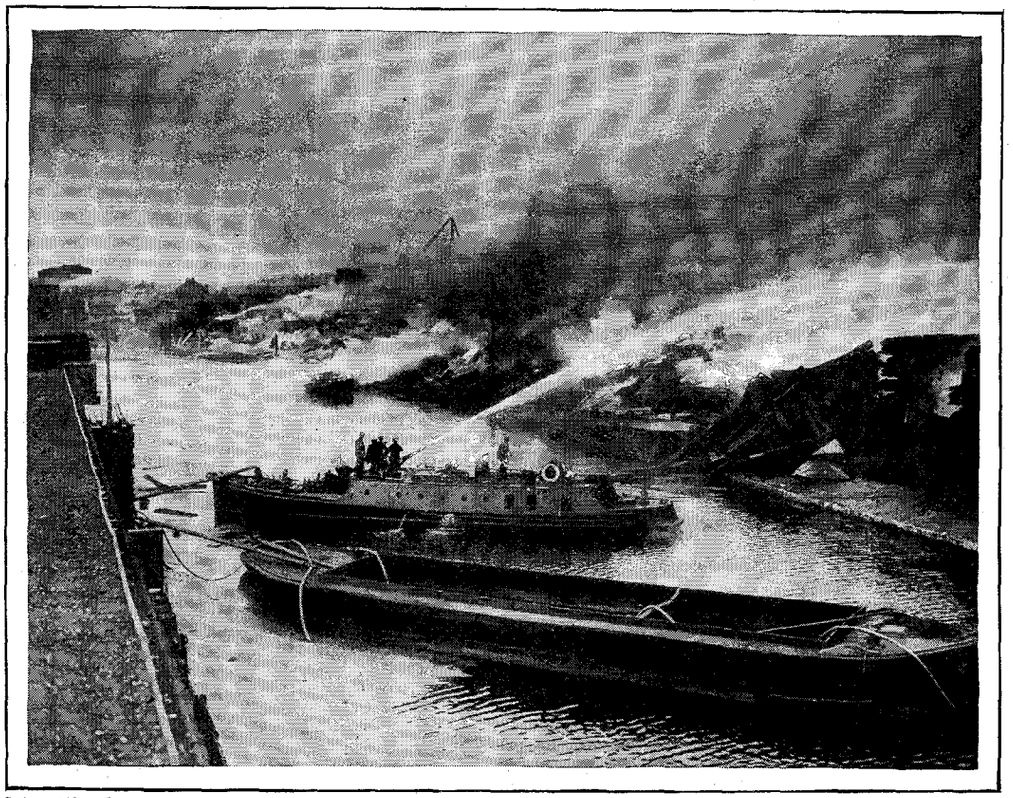
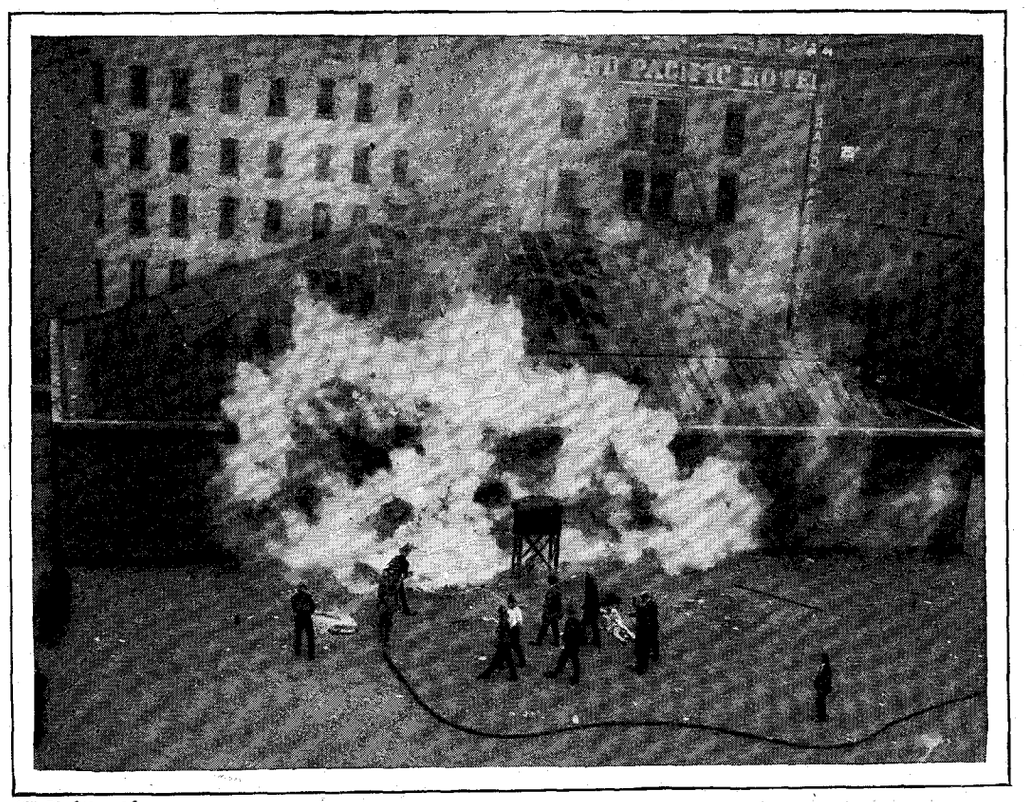
THE NEW FIRE-FIGHTERS



International

NOT ALL THE VICTORIES OF FIRE ARE IN AMERICA

Here is the London Fire Department, waging war to the death with a blaze that wiped out twenty-one acres of lumber



(C) Underwood

FIREMEN MUST BE READY FOR ATTACKS FROM UNEXPECTED QUARTERS

Here, on the roof of a Chicago bank, is a fire started by an exploded blimp. This disaster of a few months ago caused a serious loss of life, although the property damage was small

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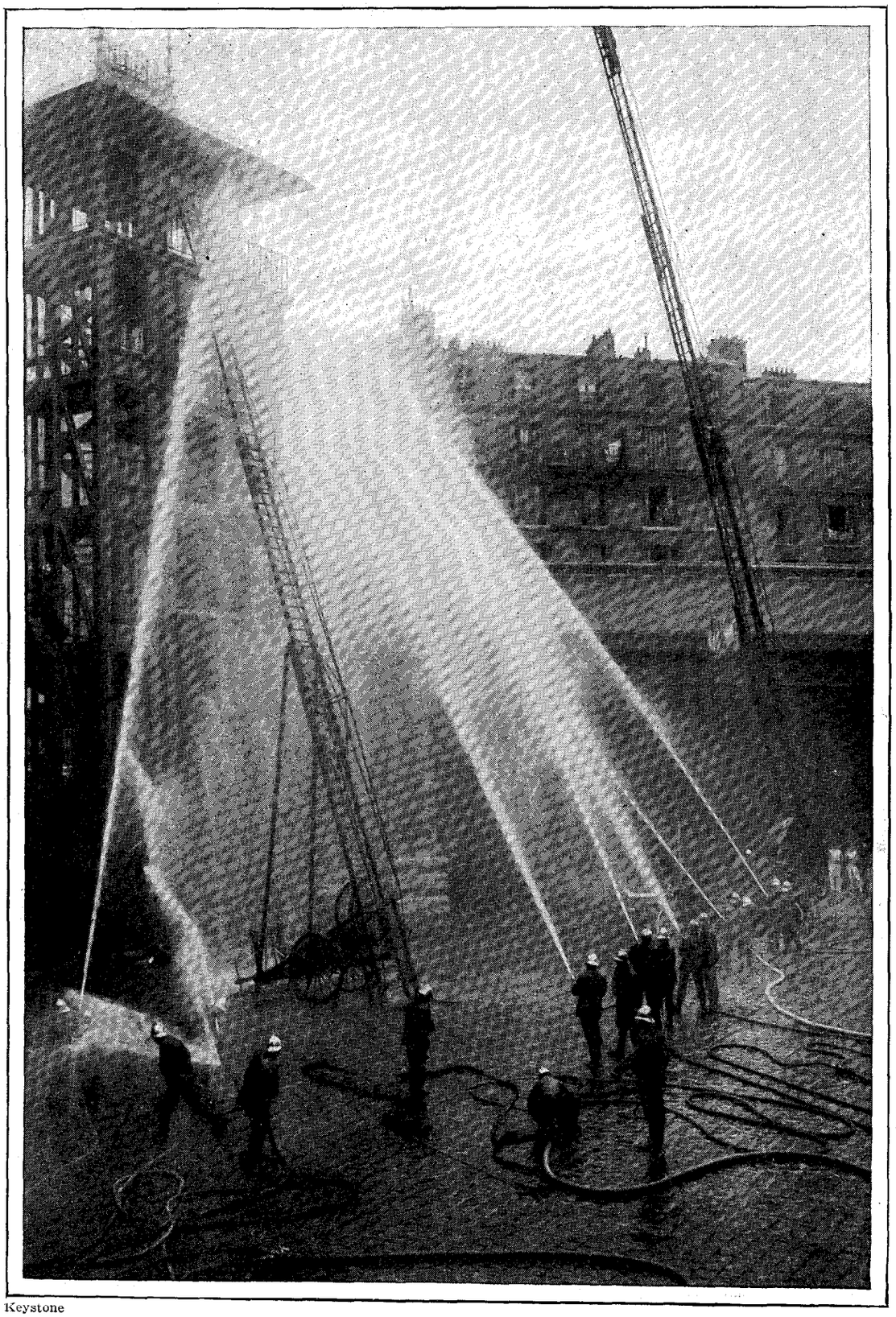
AND THEIR ANCIENT FOE



Keystone

POMPIERS AT WORK

Firemen have other uses than fighting fire. One student of government has put forward the view that the invention of the steam fire-engine was responsible for the perpetuation of the Third French Republic because the fire-engine made it possible to disperse mobs without "a whiff of grape." These pompiers of Paris are in the present instance doing nothing so strenuous as settling a political insurrection. They are merely giving a demonstration of their efficiency before a group of delegates of the American Legion

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THE NEW FIRE-FIGHTERS

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

THE easy-going days of fire-fighting, when firemen lolled about in their undershirts between alarms, playing pinochle and pitching horseshoes, and trusted largely to luck when the gong summoned them to action, have gone out of date. To-day the fireman who expects to rise in his profession has to be a student of fire prevention as well as a fighter of actual fires.

A new brand of fire-fighting has been born. It starts long before there is any sign of smoke. It goes back to the fundamentals of building construction from the standpoint of fire resistance. It has its roots in the chemistry of fires and gases and in electrical and mechanical engineering. Back of the clang of the fire-gong and the scream of the siren are mathematicians, chemists, and physicists, not seated at desks and in laboratories, but clinging to the fire-engines that roar through the watching streets—men with keen observation, quick to decide in tight corners, who know the game and how to play it fast.

For this new and improved brand of fire-fighting we are indebted largely to a gifted Irishman, John Kenlon by name, who thirty-five years ago became a cub in the New York Fire Department.

Although he had never been inside of a fire-house before, he had a record for fire-fighting that few recruits have ever been able to submit. For fourteen years he had been a sailor; he had fought flames on ships that were burning to cinders under his feet; and from some of them he had narrowly escaped with his life.

His experience at sea had provided him with more than a skill at fighting fires in tight places. No ladder was too long for this new fireman to climb; for he had gone aloft in the teeth of tempests and typhoons, he had helped sail all kinds of ships in all the navigable waters of the world.

This man had agility and daring that made him conspicuous whenever flames were roaring and walls were crumbling. For eleven years he remained in the ranks—eleven years of incessant study. When it came to competitive examinations for promotion, he answered questions with a mind that had mastered navigation and the fundamentals of mechanical engineering. He went against his examinations with the same impetuous zeal with which he went against flames. He became in turn lieutenant, captain, battalion chief, deputy chief of the Department, and to-day John Kenlon is Chief of the New York Fire Department.

Chief Kenlon, seated at his desk on the eleventh floor of the Municipal Building, might be taken for a railway president or the head of some large manufacturing enterprise. But not even a careless observer would take him for an executive who had come into power through the inheritance laws—his frame seems much too ruggedly knit together. At sixty-two he has a grip that betrays long familiarity with hose-pipes and hook-and-ladder. He has a solid chin, and a prow of a nose that seems able to smell a conflagration at a great distance. His eyes are a smoky gray; they give the impression that eyes of any other color would appear singularly out of place in the head of this fire chief. The gray hair on his head is rather sparse, but there is nothing sparse about the ideas that crowd his brain. Not content with putting out fires in sky-scrapers, factories, hotels, warehouses, and homes, he puts out the fires in the overheated bodies of tenement children by providing them shower-baths from fire apparatus during the summer.

He talks deliberately, without the usual fluency of the modern business executive, but seems to hew his words with sure, chopping strokes out of his forests of experience. His speech is terse, as becomes one who has countless times issued the terse command "Start water!" in the face of fiery odds.

Chief Kenlon's conversation differs curiously from the conversation of business executives generally. Although he commands an industrial army of 7,650 men, 6,250 of them in firemen's uniform, he says nothing of employment problems, labor turnover, or industrial democracy. Although he manufactures the highest possible degree of safety from fire for New York's millions, he does not talk about merchandising and he does not talk about advertising.

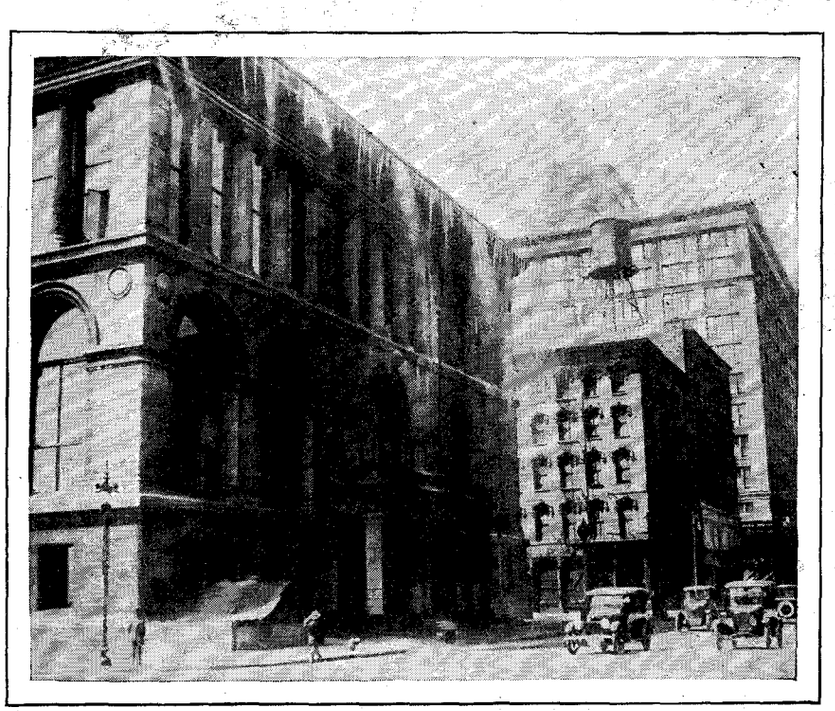
It is due to John Kenlon, more than to any other fire-fighter since the Præfecti Vigilium, or fire chiefs of ancient Rome, that fire-fighting has been reduced to an exact science. In the ten years that he has been chief of the New York Fire Department he has reduced the average loss by fire fifty per cent; and that is the real test of a fire department. During this ten-year period the population of New York City has increased a million and a half, and there has been an inflation of property values close on to three hundred per cent. These elements make the fifty per cent reduction of the average loss by fire even more astounding.

It is not so much his spectacular achievements in commanding the attack upon the great conflagrations that have stormed New York during his labors, but rather his penetration into the fundamentals of *fire prevention*, that commend the methods of this eminent fire chief to every American community.

Fire-fighters, under his strenuous régime, have to be not only men of action, but men of brains.

John Kenlon is not only a fire chief, but also a college president. He founded and has for ten years been president of an extraordinary institution of higher education—the New York Fire College. It occupies an entire building in Sixty-eighth Street. On its faculty are ten professors of fire prevention and fire-fighting. More than 250 chiefs of fire departments in other cities and towns, besides all of the officers of the New York City Fire Department, have been graduated from this novel college.

"What do you teach your students?" I asked Chief Kenlon.



International

PROTECTING CHICAGO'S PUBLIC LIBRARY BY A WALL OF WATER

Chicago's Public Library is protected from fire by a wall of water from a device recently installed on the roof. The water screens the building from flames, heat, and smoke in case of fire in adjacent structures

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He sent for a blue-print. It was nearly as big as the top of his desk. It contains a chart of hundreds of subjects, ranging from arson to salvage, and from nitrocellulose to moral hazards. Physics, chemistry, and mathematics are the basis of this unusual curriculum. It is intensely practical in all its phases. Chief Kenlon has worked closely with General Manager Wilbur E. Mallalieu and Chief Engineer George W. Booth, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, in order to make the Fire College measure up to its requirements. This Fire College has achieved international fame. Foreign fire-fighters have come to New York to attend it.

The passage of American building laws aimed at producing greater fire-resisting qualities has all occurred during Chief Kenlon's time.

"Up to thirty years ago there were no building laws at all," he declares. "The temperament and psychology of the American people have never been greatly concerned with fire prevention.

"In Europe no less than three hundred and fifty years have been spent in building some churches, while in America three hundred and fifty churches are built in one year.

"There, in succinct form, lies the cardinal difference between European and American construction, and it is this latter which possesses a profound significance for the fire-fighter. In the ancient cities of the Old World, from time immemorial, stone has played the chief part in the erection of buildings, with brick in recent years as a good second.

"But in America use has been naturally made of that material most ready to hand—wood.

"It has sometimes happened that whole rows of buildings have collapsed because of the inferiority of the materials used in their erection, and often weeks after bricks have been laid in this mud-mortar two fingers would suffice to pull them from the wall. True, some improvement has taken place of late, but the buildings of the type mentioned, carelessly finished within and without, provide that class of construction generally described as 'quick burners.'

"While on the subject it may also be remarked that when a stipulation is made in a building contract for 'fire-proof wood and furnishings' the prospective owner of the premises seldom realizes that wood so treated loses its fire-resistant qualities from atmospheric moisture in a few years, while hardwood will only absorb thirty-five per cent of the solution and maple none at all.

"In many cases laws regarding fire insurance are lax. It is so easy to get insurance and to collect in case of loss or damage by fire that 'I don't care if I burn up or not, I'm fully insured' has become a very general maxim. In European countries one is severely penalized in case of a fire caused by his own carelessness, while America is full of professional fire-bugs who can readily be employed to set fire to property. 'Fire-making' has become a regularly accepted calling, which it is most urgent should be stamped out.

CHIEF KENLON, OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT—FOREMOST OF THE NEW FIRE-FIGHTERS

"Were additional evidence of the accuracy of these statements needed, it is surely supplied by the following curious circumstances. During the spring, fires in the fur trade are prevalent, while hat and cap fires usually occur in the summer. From September to December it is peculiar that the ready-made cloak and suit trade suffers severely, while any change of fashion in millinery or feathers is invariably followed by a corresponding destruction of old stock through fire. The advent of the motor car heralded the burning out of hundreds of stables, and now the influx of cheap automobiles into the market appears to approach to over-production since garage outbreaks have become practically incessant. All of which is, of course, only circumstantial evidence, though it may be aptly remarked that in some countries this alone is sufficient to bring a man to the gallows.

"More than sixty per cent of all fires start in homes," continued Chief Kenlon. "Three thousand people are burned to death each year in North America; 15,000 are maimed or injured; between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 worth of property is destroyed each year by fire. Most of this destruction is the result of individual carelessness. If the older generation cannot break off its careless habits, then I would urge the educators of America to train the rising generation more effectively. This loss cannot go on, or it will bring on an economic disaster. Rich as this country is, it cannot afford to burn up this amount of property through carelessness each year."

The advice and suggestions of Chief Kenlon are in constant demand wherever local fire chiefs are intent upon improving their service to their communities, and he finds time to respond in an astonishing number of cases. No end of cities, towns, and villages are indebted to him for improvements in organization, apparatus, and a more

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FIRE ADVICE BY CHIEF KENLON

Don't let your architect design a home for you with the idea that its fires will all necessarily be confined to the furnace.

Every elevator shaft should be connected by a fireproof flue to carry away smoke and fire and give the occupants of a building a chance of escape.

If caught on the upper floor of a building that has no outside fire-escapes, never attempt to descend the stairs in case of fire, but try, if possible, to reach a front window or any window free from smoke and call for help. Telephones, as means of sending in fire alarms, are frequently untrustworthy; excitement is liable to cause the message to be misunderstood.

Gas should promptly be shut off from a building, especially when the fire has begun in or spread to the basement.

Don't let your children get in the habit of hiding under a bed. Unless watched, children will usually crawl under beds in case of fire, thinking that there they will be safely hidden from the flames.

In case of being caught in a hotel fire, the safest course, broadly speaking is to avoid the vicinity of elevator shafts.

No garage should be located in buildings not constructed of fire-resisting material throughout. Gasoline should be stored in a well-made tank, underground and beneath the floor of the garage. Incandescent electric lights are safest. Remove at once all oils spilled on the floor. Keep a number of buckets filled with sand in readiness for an emergency.

fundamental understanding of their fire-fighting.

At the age of three he himself indulged in a childish incendiary prank that has had a lasting effect upon his career. He got hold of some matches and set fire to one of the family haystacks. Suddenly, as he watched the flames with glee, he saw the neighbors come running in alarm, and realized for the first time that he had done something wrong. He fled to the house and crawled under a bed.

"My angry mother carried me to an adjacent stream," he says, "telling me that such naughty boys had better be drowned early in life than be allowed to live to burn up property and people. My feelings of remorse can easily be imagined, and I promised that never in my life would I again start a fire, and that always I would do whatever lay in my power to extinguish conflagrations."

This early episode taught him still another lesson—that children, when frightened by a fire, have a tendency to conceal themselves under beds, and therefore in searching a dwelling firemen should never neglect to look carefully in these hiding-places.

"There is no school equal to the sea for a young man," declares the sailor who became America's foremost fire chief. "The sea provides a first-hand knowledge of the world and confidence in self, born of a fight and a hard drag that a boy can get nowhere else. He is always learning if he has the head to take it up. He has time to read and study."

For fourteen years John Kenlon followed the sea on everything from a top-sail schooner to ocean liners. He has been captain of a bark, a ship, a brig, a four-mast schooner, and a yacht. He still has his master's license.

He has read everything that Joseph Conrad has written. He knows the distinguished novelist, and calls him "Joe."

"But Joe slips up now and then on his nautical facts," remarks the chief. "And so did Jack London, who was only an amateur sailor."

Chief Kenlon is completing his own reminiscences of his seafaring days, soon to be published. He is the author of "Fires and Fire-Fighters," a history of modern fire-fighting with a review of its development from earliest times. In it he thrillingly narrates his own experiences. The book is of unusual technical value to architects, students of hydraulics, insurance men, underwriters, and, of course, fire-fighters.

"What class of immigrants make the most valuable fire department recruits?" was asked.

"I will answer that question by saying that Peter E. Walsh is the fire chief of Boston," replied Chief Kenlon. "William Murphy is the fire chief of Philadelphia. Ed Murphy is the fire chief of Buffalo. Tom O'Connor is the fire chief of Chicago. Tom Clancy is the fire chief of Milwaukee. The fire chief of Denver is a man named Healy. Thomas Murphy is the fire chief of San Francisco. These men are all Irish-born or the sons of Irish parents. In competition with other races, the fighting spirit of the Celt always brings him to the front. As fire-fighters, sailors, policemen, railway men, manufacturing executives, in almost any line except trade and barter, the Irish excel."

THE CHICAGO FIRE—FIFTY YEARS AFTER

BY WILLIAM B. SHAW

A THICK, murky air, like an ocean fog, with the sun obscured by heavy smoke—such was that October morning in Wisconsin fifty years ago. It was a Monday, and Bub, with a dimly shining morning face, was creeping unwillingly to school. It was a morning quite out of the ordinary in his brief experience of eight summers and winters. In the first place, no games were in progress around the brick schoolhouse. All the boys were out in front of the building, awaiting the call of the nine o'clock bell and talking in eager, excited tones. Big news had come to Prairieville that morning from the outer world. The telegraph and the railway had brought it. Chicago, 170 miles to the south, was burning up! Sensational as it was, the story did not tax the credulity of Prairieville, after weeks of drought, with the smell of burning timber wafted on every breeze from the north woods, less than one hundred miles away. Every boy who came to school that morning was prepared to believe the worst and even to speculate on the menace to Prairieville itself, with its bucket brigade in lieu of a fire-engine.

MRS. O'LEARY'S COW (FROM A SKETCH OF THE PERIOD)

To Mrs. O'Leary and her cow the great conflagration of Chicago has been traditionally ascribed. Recent investigation by the Chicago Fire Department has cast doubt on their responsibility

The excitement did not end when the bell rang and the school session began. The teachers seemed as much concerned as the pupils. With the opening exercises came unexpected developments. Bub could hardly believe his ears when his teacher announced that all school exercises for that day were suspended, in order that the pupils might go at once to their homes and urge their parents to prepare food and clothing for Chicago's hundred thousand hungry and homeless. In after years, when he was old enough to catch the meaning of it

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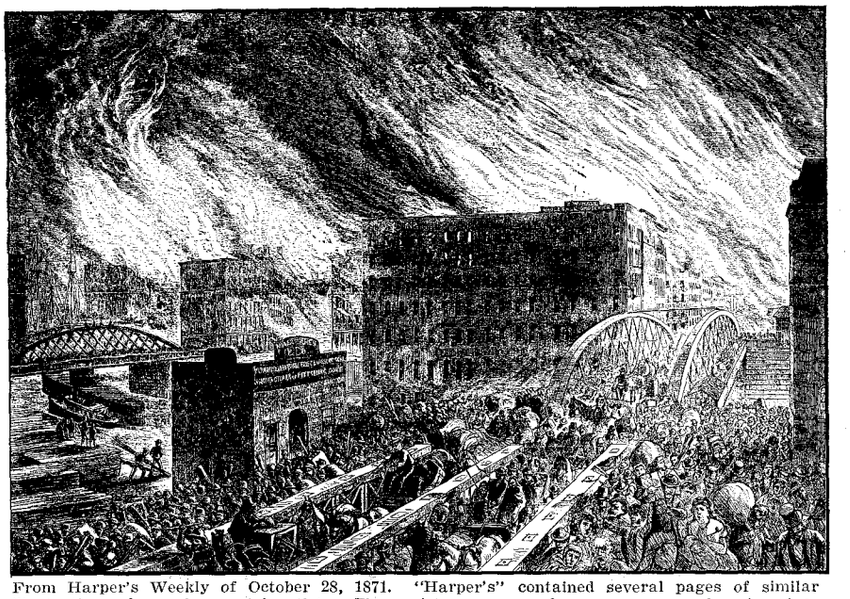
more fully, this appealed to Bub's sense of civic responsibility. It seemed a magnificent thing that the Nation—for Prairieville was only one of a thousand communities that rose to the emergency—should so promptly answer the call of human suffering; but at the time the one thing that impressed Bub, along with most of his playfellows, no doubt, was the gravity of any situation that could cause the Prairieville schools to "let out" for a whole day. Even the circus coming to town a few months before had not done this!

Three hundred school-children suddenly turned loose in a town of three thousand inhabitants can work wonders as news disseminators. It was before the day of the telephone. Many families first learned of Chicago's desperate plight from these children, who had a natural pride in bringing the tidings to their elders, and the result was that before the flames were quenched relief was speeding over the rails from hundreds of Prairievilles.

The Middle West of that period was well supplied with foodstuffs. It did not take Bub's mother long to mobilize the household stores of flour and beans. Then, with the help of the efficient and strong-armed German girl who cooked and "did" for the family, the baking began. In those days Prairieville had only wood stoves for cooking, not "ranges." There was abundance of split maple, oak, and hickory wood, stove-length, and it was Bub's "bit" in the enterprise to transfer that wood from the shed to the stove, where it was consumed freely and riotously in baking bread and beans under the supervision of his mother and German Hattie. While this process was going on the family's usual midday meal had to be postponed, and Bub must needs be content with a cold lunch in place of the customary hot dinner; but the novelty of the proceedings and the thought that something was being done for people in dire need—perhaps more than all else, the consciousness that he could "skip" school for a day without having it debited against his record—went far to reconcile the boy to the temporary loss.



From Harper's Weekly of October 28, 1871. "Harper's" contained several pages of similar illustrations, drawn by special artists. These pictures were, of course, more or less imaginative, but no doubt fairly depict the scenes

THE CHICAGO FIRE—THE RUSH FOR LIFE OVER THE RANDOLPH STREET BRIDGE

Late that afternoon a wagon came through the street (no automobiles then) loaded with barrels and boxes. A freight car stood on the Prairieville siding, to be taken that night by the train that the railway company scheduled for the purpose, without charge to the shippers. The next day Prairieville's light bread and nutritious beans were helping to feed Chicago's needy.

The rich and mighty West, which had made Chicago great and in coming years was to see her wax greater, did not fail the city in the time of her distress. The spirit of the pioneers was in it all. Fortunes went up in smoke in that wild night on the lake shore, but other fortunes were born. Fire could not thwart the energies of such a people. Nor could any other form of physical disaster. "All gone but wife and children" were the words painted on a rude signboard above the ruins of the business district while the embers were still hot, but they were not words of despair. They meant that the past was behind, that a fresh start was to be made, that the great future lay just ahead. Such was Chicago's ruling sentiment in those October days of 1871, and the whole West and Northwest of that time understood, for many of the men were still alive who had built the towns and the railways that had made a metropolis out of an insignificant lake port. What had been done once could be done again. Even Prairieville, whose Main Street twenty-five years before had not been laid out, knew that Chicago was sure to rise from her ashes, a greater city than before.

The magnitude of Chicago's loss—17,000 buildings destroyed, on 2,100 acres of land, valued, with contents, at $190,000,000; 200 lives lost, and some of the Nation's strongest insurance companies forced out of business—tended to eclipse the unparalleled damage from forest fires occurring during the same month. On the very day of the Chicago disaster the town of Peshtigo, in northern Wisconsin, was lapped up by the flames and only those among the inhabitants who could reach the river and immerse themselves in it escaped with their lives. Scores of forest settlements

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of November 4, 1871. "Leslie's" was one of the three prominent illustrated papers of the time that printed pictures of the Great Fire. The others were "Harper's" and "Every Saturday" (the latter published in Boston)

CHICAGO YOUNG WOMEN ENGAGED IN RELIEF WORK AFTER THE GREAT FIRE

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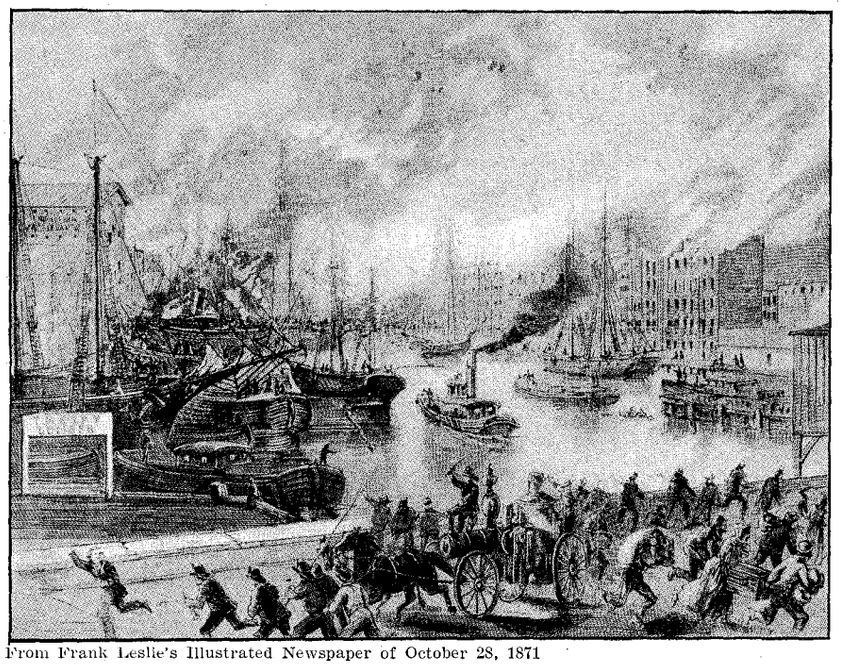

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of October 28, 1871

THE CHICAGO FIRE—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GRAIN ELEVATORS ON THE CHICAGO RIVER

Note the old-fashioned fire-engine

were encompassed by fire. Many were utterly destroyed.

A generation was to pass before the burning of Chicago was to be equaled in the annals of calamity by any modern city. In 1906 San Francisco went through a like agony, with greater loss of life and more terrible aspects. Throughout the past half-century forest fires have raged with slight decrease of fury. In the summer of 1921 the following press despatch was sent out from a point in Michigan less than a hundred miles from the ill-fated Peshtigo:

> Escanaba, Mich., Aug. 10.—Forest fires, which have been burning for ten days over a fifty-mile area flanking Escanaba on three sides, were thought to be under control late today as the result of a heavy rain.
>
> The fire damage was estimated tonight at $1,000,000. More than a score of families were made homeless. Buildings and crops on nearly thirty farms have been destroyed. Thousands of ties, posts, poles, and logs were burned.

After all, we have still much to learn (and to practice) concerning fire prevention, even though it is fifty years since the great Chicago disaster.

DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

JUST as England has served as the political laboratory for the democracies of the world, so California has led the way toward progressivism in the United States. After experimenting with the ingenious instruments of direct legislation for some nine years, sufficient time has elapsed to permit the deduction of certain conclusions as to the success or the failure of these loudly heralded cure-alls of governmental defects.

The initiative and referendum were adopted in California in 1911. According to the terms of the law, eight per cent of the voters may place an initiative measure on the ballot. Five per cent may invoke the referendum by petitioning the Secretary of State, within ninety days after the termination of the Legislature, that any measure passed by that body be presented to the people at the next general election. Until that time the operation of the law is necessarily suspended.

Dire forecasts were made at the time of the adoption of these laws that direct legislation would, because of public apathy, mean government by organized minorities; that the responsibility, and therefore the character, of the Legislature would be decreased in proportion as the participation of the people in lawmaking increased; that voters could not be expected intelligently to pass on subjects which puzzled even political experts. Some of these prophecies have been fulfilled; others have not.

At the election of 1912, where these methods were first used, the reasonable number of eight measures appeared upon the ballot. But in 1914 the measures submitted to the people increased to the astounding number of forty-eight. The explanatory booklet, containing the text of and the printed arguments for and against the measures, was a volume of one hundred and eleven pages, filled with six-point type! It is needless to add that the ballot itself was of tremendous size.

The first criticism of such a system of legislation is that there is absolutely no restriction upon the number or the nature of the measures placed before the electorate, provided the necessary signatures are obtained. For this reason, the intelligence of the voting public is often insulted and its time is frequently wasted by placing before it an impossible number of technical or trivial questions. But if this charge be true, it does not follow that the people have hastily enacted legislation, being unfamiliar with its contents or moved merely by gusts of passion. In the elections occurring between 1912 and 1920 a total of about one hundred and ten measures have been submitted to the people, including Constitutional amendments. Five of the referendum measures have been adopted and eleven have been rejected. The Legislature has been sustained five times and it has been repudiated eleven times. Theoretically, the referendum has increased the responsibility of the Legislature to the people. Actually it has increased its tendency to "keep its ear to the ground"—to follow, rather than lead, opinion.

The initiative has been used some forty times. But only eleven initiative measures have been enacted into law, less than two in each election. The measures adopted have been of importance, for they have embraced such subjects as the anti-prize-fight laws and the anti-Oriental land legislation. Thus the experience with the initiative, as well as with the referendum, seems to show that the people as a whole are conservative; that they adopt measures upon which they are informed; and that it is their policy to vote "no" when there is doubt as to the wisdom or the contents of the measure.

In 1920 the total registration of votes in California was 1,374,184; the total vote cast for President was about 942,000. The four candidates for United States Senator polled a total of nearly 914,000. At this election some twenty measures were also voted upon. But the largest vote cast for any measure was on the Anti-Oriental Land Law, which received a total of over 890,000 votes (counting "for" and "against"), or some 52,000 less than that cast for President and nearly 25,000 less than that cast for the Senatorial candidates. The "Poison" Act, one of the two other initiative measures on the ballot which carried (a measure regulating the sale of morphine, etc.), received a total of only 750,000 votes, or 192,000 less than that cast for President. The majority for the act (which was 479,764) might have been but 376,000 to insure its passage, or a little over one-fourth of the total registration. Thus it is theoretically possible for measures to be enacted,

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under the direct system of legislation, by interested minorities. But upon any issue of importance the opposite has proved true; for in no instance yet where an initiative measure has been passed have the wishes of the people of California been betrayed merely because of their own ignorance or apathy. It seems certain that the minority control of Legislatures is as easy as, if not easier than, the minority control of the initiative.

The Anti-Alien Land Law, passed in November, 1920, illustrates one of the defects attendant upon the present initiative system. Its summary read as follows: "Alien Land Law. Initiative Act. Permits acquisition and transfer of real property by aliens eligible to citizenship, to same extent as citizens," etc. There was not a word in regard to the Japanese in this measure; its sections were filled with legal intricacies which the casual voter, without study, would not conceivably connect up with the Oriental. Anti-Japanese as well as pro-Japanese protested against its vagueness. Many, wishing to vote *against* the Orientals, voted "no" on the measure, which was a vote in their favor; while many, wishing to cast a vote in their favor, voted "yes," which was a vote against them!

The experience of California with these methods of legislation seems to warrant these conclusions:

(1) The people have been conservative in the passage of direct legislation, and, in fact, no such legislation has been passed contrary to the wishes of the majority.

(2) The educational value of these instruments has been untold. During the election campaign thousands of organizations studied these measures with the deepest interest and intelligence. In fact, this more than anything else is driving out the old crowd consciousness which the boss so mercilessly exploited, and is putting in its place a group consciousness with an independent will of its own.

(3) The effect of direct legislation upon the State Legislature has been to make it more responsive, perhaps, to public opinion; but in so doing its own energies toward social progress have been stultified. The responsibility for reform has been shifted back on to the people.

(4) The number of the measures placed upon the ballot has been too numerous to permit intelligent voting. They have averaged eighteen an election. Various suggestions have been made to curtail this freedom which so easily may become license. In the 1920 election a measure was defeated which provided that if the proposed initiative measure related to matters of taxation, twenty-five per cent instead of eight per cent of the voters should be necessary to place it on the ballot. As it now is, eight per cent of the voters is about 80,000; to raise the percentage to twenty-five per cent would mean about 250,000 signatures—nearly an impossible number. Such a figure would place a premium on organizations backed by liberal funds. To increase the percentage to fifteen per cent would be more reasonable and produce the desired effect. The measures on the ballot might also be limited by prohibiting the reappearance of a measure for a certain number of years after it had been defeated by a certain percentage of the votes—say three to one. Or the number to be voted on at each election might be arbitrarily limited—say to the first ten which are filed with the Secretary of State.

(5) Finally, direct legislation is expensive. Merely to circulate the petitions for the necessary signatures to place a measure on the ballot involves the expenditure by private organizations of thousands of dollars. The expense to the State in preparing the sample ballots, the arguments for and against the measures, and in counting the ballots is immense. But it may be worth it. The chief advantage of the direct system of legislation is that it does interest and educate the people in affairs which should be of vital concern to them. This advantage cannot be measured in money. However, there are abuses attendant upon the system as a whole—the over-abundance and the intricacy of measures—which other States, in copying its major benefits, may do well to avoid.

THE GUNGA DIN COMPLEX

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

IF the purchasing agent of "Sunlight Signals, Inc.," did not want to buy my line, he made a tactical mistake when he asked me home to dinner with him.

The very fact that he did ask me would indicate that he was trying desperately to avoid being jammed into buying, for it is old stuff to choke off a salesman with an excess of courtesy. Not all of them know it; true. Some executives keep on trying to get rid of salesmen by rudeness, sarcasm, outright refusals. But the wiser ones—I'm talking of the fellows in the big plants now, rated H Aa and higher—most of them realize that putting a salesman under social obligations is the most effective way to smother him.

But the man who controlled my prospective sale to Sunlight Signals, Inc., was wavering, and I knew that perfectly well. He wanted to buy; I saw that in his interest, in the way he followed my talk, anticipated me upon several occasions. But back of that belief that the buy was a good one was the fear for his own standing, for his tenure of the new position he prized so highly. Times were bad; buying anything, for any reason, was frowned upon by the gentlemen who had once drawn, and who hoped soon again to draw, fat dividends. To sum it up: the purchasing agent of Sunlight Signals didn't dare sign an order now, but wanted to leave things with me so that he could at any moment of the future sign an order upon the most advantageous terms I had made him. So he invited me home to dinner.

His apartment was in a walk-up flat house in a pleasant but not fashionable district. Inside were comfortable quarters—roomy, simple, immaculately neat. His wife was a charming woman, apparently somewhat older than her husband. She served the meal herself. The furniture was the ordinary substantial mission oak; the silverware polished but plated. Briefly, I got the idea that the establishment ran along on a budget of about $4,000—maybe less.

I carried this idea home to my hotel that night. The next day, with the assurance of a man making a lot more than $4,000 myself, I tackled my host with all the confidence in the world; literally walked over his objections, and got my order.

Later of course I discovered that my hospitable friend's salary was about three times what it appeared to be.

Nevertheless I had secured my order; I had overcome my difficulty—the difficulty of believing that the other fellow is a very much more important personage than am I. I had felt that way often before. For want of a better description I had called that feeling "the Gunga Din complex." You know:

> Din—Din—Din
> You're a better man than I am,
> Gunga Din!

There is a whole lot more to that feeling than most people admit. In this land of the unquestionably brave and substantially free we make a shibboleth of equality. We incline even to "being as good as the other fellow—and a little better." But I wonder how many of us, deep down in our hearts, really believe it. Myself, I don't believe in equality in anything—or any one. The psychological tests developed during the war, and now in use in several of our universities, demonstrated the differences in capacity between men of equivalent educational opportunities. In a most interesting article recently, by Harvey O'Higgins, I think, the inequality of men physically was pointed out. It was demonstrated that in the mere detail of stature only some forty men out of twenty-five thousand were six feet two inches in height or over. That, since I happen to be one

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of those forty, struck me in my most sensitive and self-appreciative spot. But it didn't inflame me unduly with any arrogance as to other claims to distinction. I recall too vividly those telling and popular advertisements: "Not how strong are you, but how much do you know?"

The old Gunga Din complex keeps boring in on you all the time. And why shouldn't it?

Say what you will, business is still based on the time-hallowed *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware) theory. No matter how presentable the salesman, he is still opposed by every conceivable obstacle in fact, if not in theory. The telephone girl at the door will, if possible—and in my case, having two surnames instead of a reasonable first and last name, it is possible—get the name of the caller twisted when she announces him. Follows frequently a rather heated and painfully unappreciative discussion as to who this Moses Kingsley or Kingsley Moses is, anyhow. Then comes a more or less protracted wait either on a hard bench or on an almost invariably feeble chair, frequently so located that one's feet must be kept carefully tucked away so as to avoid obstructing the busy traffic of the main artery from executive offices to the shop.

Ultimately one is ushered in to the Big Man.

Now it doesn't matter how many hundred times you've been through all this, the effect on any reasonably tense temperament is depressing. You come in the front door all keyed up and ready. Then you wait. If you have had to wait long enough, you may get mad; and that is a fine stimulant. Personally, I wish that every executive would order me admitted immediately or else keep me lingering in the outer office for half an hour. It takes me about that long—a round thirty minutes—to get provoked; and then I am in fine shape. But it's the ten, twelve, fifteen minute hanging about that allows the first zip of steam to ooze out and trail dismally away.

And when one is actually admitted—that is where the old Gunga Din complex bobs up strong! No matter how carefully and expensively dressed you may be, you know—if it be later than 10 A.M.—that you are just a trifle dirty, that your collar is a bit soft round the rim, that your hands and nails are not as perfectly immaculate as they should be; street cars and trains these days aren't run on the "Phœbe Snow" principle.

But the man across the desk is speckless, cool as a brook trout, manicured, scrubbed, and polished. The office is usually a large, silent, impressive place. The desk is likely to be one of those enormous glass-topped affairs, with the only chair in sight placed as far as geometrically possible from the one in which your prospective buyer sits. Of course if a stenographer has left one of those light, rattan-seated things at the end of the desk, that's fine. But generally she hasn't. The good buyer, wary, carefully cultivating his *caveat emptor* atmosphere, has seen to that. He knows—even better than does the hardened bachelor—the perils of propinquity. So you sit down where you can, and begin to talk. Yet all about you is that x million dollar atmosphere; while you know yourself for naught but a y thousand dollar man.

What salesman has not felt it?

I am dead certain that not one of us who reads this will not confess that often it has struck him just that way, and struck him hard. It's the Gunga Din complex.

Of course the feeling is all wrong. The other man may indeed be a better man than you are, a more successful man, a richer man. But in your own field—concerning the subject you are discussing—how about that?

There is not one chance in a hundred that he knows as much about your particular business as you do. You have specialized on that single line. He, from the very fact that he is a wise man, a big man, must have spread his attention out over many lines. Isn't it so?

Think it over. Whom do we pick as the big men, the wise men, of to-day? Dr. Eliot, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Baruch, Secretary of State Hughes, Mr. Root, Secretary Hoover.

All right. Let us see.

Dr. Eliot knows books. But could not any competent professional librarian stump him in a contest of authors and titles?

Mr. Wilson knows American politics. But it's a safe guess that a Tammany district leader would come nearer to the correct figures as to the majority, Republican or Democratic, in any Manhattan assembly district.

Mr. Schwab is perhaps America's greatest executive; yet he would consider the judgment of one of his chemists better than his own in a matter concerning the formula for producing a certain grade of steel.

Mr. Baruch is a great theoretical as well as a practical banker; unlike many other pre-eminent financial lights, he knows the "why" as well as the "how" of business. But if Mr. Baruch contemplates buying, say, Italian Government securities, don't you think he'd ask the clerk in his office who handled Italian exchange to give him the facts, and that he would listen pretty attentively while that mere clerk talked?

Secretary Hughes is not scornful of an official in the State Department whose salary is about five per cent of what Mr. Hughes may be supposed to have made out of his private practice. Mr. Root, Secretary Hoover—. Do you see?

Well, that is exactly the case of the salesman. He is a specialist in his *particular* line. He knows *that line* far better than does the man across the glass-topped desk, for all the Turkish carpets and tapestry portières.

I confess to severe sufferings from the same old Gunga Din complex. Yet every once in a while I am amazed to discover how much more than the other fellow I know, *in my particular line.*

For instance:

Within an hour three gentlemen, all heads of plants rated at a million dollars, told me that they conducted an "open shop." And every one of the three really meant to say that he did not employ union men.

A plant normally doing an export business of about three millions complained of being unable to do any export business to-day on account of the disparity of foreign exchange values. I suggested the possibility of establishing a trade or barter arrangement; showed the executive head of the concern how it was, in one case at least, actually being done. He had never heard of that.

The advertising manager of a big National concern making—let us say, because it isn't—harvester machinery couldn't see why his employees had struck shortly after the local newspaper had carried a full column, front-page statement that wages in the factory, but not in the office, where all the executives were, must be reduced. I asked: "Would you publish an ad telling the farmers who buy your machines that you intended making as much money as in the past, but did not intend that they should make as much?" He scowled. "Of course not," he said; "I'm not quite such a fool as that!" Mebbe not.

Another great manufacturer who once did a fine business in Europe couldn't quite see why he didn't get orders now from such countries as were not seriously affected by the fall in exchange. I didn't understand either, until he let slip that he had cut off his shipments to his foreign customers during the war because for the time the home market happened to give him a greater profit. And yet if that man went to his regular tailor, a tailor with whom he had been dealing for years, and ordered a suit of clothes, and were met with: "I can't make you any suits for three years now. I'm too busy with some new customers who pay me twice as much as you do." Well? Do you think the manufacturer would buy any more clothes from such a temperamental tailor?

Considering these instances, thinking back over your own experiences in the field, isn't it pretty apparent that it's about time to overcome the Gunga Din complex so far as it interferes with your own job? And yet for new man and for hardened old veteran of many Pullmans and more bad hotels the feeling must always exist to a certain degree. It's true certainly of the salesman who will tell you the truth, the salesman who does not, as the current phrase so aptly puts it, "just talk telephone numbers."

I think ninety-nine per cent of the men on the road will agree with me.

Of course there may be some pop-eyed idiots who have never felt this, who can butt their way in anywhere with perfect assurance. But there's no use worrying about them—they'll never read this article. They never read anything, save perhaps the captions at the movies—and they read those out loud.

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SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

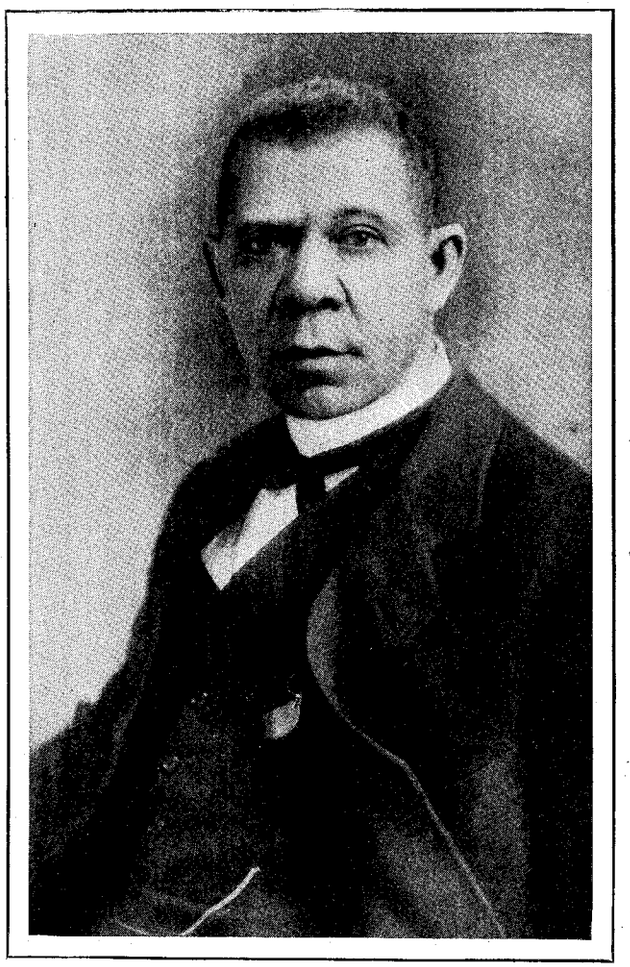
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

LIKE all great men, Booker T. Washington had great reserves—chambers in his experience with which his best friends were not familiar. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve; but neither did he keep it stored in a safe-deposit vault. One could not know him and not realize that he had a warm heart, and guess that he had a passionate nature. But he always had himself under absolute control. His reserve was probably in part temperamental, but I think it was also conscientiously cultivated. He was, throughout his life, dealing with questions on which the men of his time differed widely and passionately; on which prejudice was strong and feeling was intense. He dealt with these questions frequently and courageously; he was never obscure and never evasive; but he could not but know that a single mistake in word or deed might bring disaster to his life-work.

Only once did I ever know him to "let himself go." This was at the graduating exercises at Hampton Institute. He and I spoke on that occasion on the same platform. The senior class certainly—if my memory serves me right, all the Institute students—were gathered on this platform, while the visitors, mostly white, were seated upon the floor of the great building. The speaker's task was a difficult one. He had to stand at one side between the two audiences and play the part of Mr. "Facing-Both-Ways." Mr. Washington turned first toward one, then toward the other, of the two audiences as he spoke. He appealed to the members of his race to secure the respect of their white neighbors, not by demanding it, but by deserving it. In an eloquent appeal to their self-respect and an eloquent portrait of what the race had done since emancipation to justify self-respect he swung himself around as on a pivot and, speaking with unaccustomed vehemence to the white portion of his audience, cried out: "I tell you, we are as proud of our race as you are of yours." It was like a flash from a before silent and supposedly unloaded gun. How the Negroes on the platform cheered him!

I heard what I suppose was the last speech he ever made, an address at the anniversary exercises of the American Mission Association in New Haven, where, with that quiet humor so characteristic of him, he satirized the prejudice against his people. "A member of my race," he said, "wanted to go from New York to San Francisco. He wanted to travel first class in a Pullman sleeper. He bought a red cap—fez, I think you call it—forgot the English language, and went as an East Indian; and no one objected. It appears that it is not the color of the skin, but the color of the cap to which you object."

I have heard critics say that Mr. Washington was not a religious man and that his school was not a Christian school. Such a critic has either an extraordinary conception of the Christian religion or an extraordinary misunderstanding of Mr. Washington's character and career. The Bible School attached to the Tuskegee Institute has sent out hundreds of graduates who are teaching the Bible, most of them in this country, a few of them in Africa. Mr. Washington in his autobiography pays a deserved tribute to the Christian churches in America: "If no other consideration had convinced me of the value of the Christian life, the Christlike work which the churches of all denominations in America have done during the last thirty-five years for the elevation of the black man would have made me a Christian." He tells his readers that, no matter how busy he is, he makes it a rule to read a chapter or a portion of a chapter of the Bible every morning before beginning the work of the day, and that he never goes before an audience, on any occasion, without asking the blessing of God upon what he wants to say.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Graduated from Hampton Institute in 1875. Founded Tuskegee Institute in 1881

A simple incident in which I was a passive participant illustrates his skill in arousing the emotions of his audience in order to secure their sympathetic reception of his teaching. He had come to Cornwall, at the invitation of a Citizens' Committee, to speak in a temperance campaign which we were waging under local option against the saloon. He wrote me that experience had taught him that the best way for him to reach the members of his own race was to address them in a separate meeting in one of their own churches. We therefore arranged for him an afternoon meeting in a colored Methodist meeting-house, which would accommodate about one hundred hearers. The pastor of the church conducted the opening service, read the Scripture, offered a prayer, and called for two or three hymns, which were rather languidly sung to the accompaniment of a reed organ. When Booker T. Washington was introduced, he said: "There is one thing we Negroes can do a great deal better than the whites can do; we can sing our own 'spirituals' better. Is there some one

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A HAMPTON STUDENT READING THE BIBLE TO THE AGED AND POOR

here who can lead us in one of our old plantation songs?" Two or three in the congregation pointed to an old Negro "mammy" sitting in the front near the platform. After a little modest disclaimer, she started a hymn, and it was sung more generally than the previous selections, but not with sufficient enthusiasm to satisfy Mr. Washington. He then said: "Can't we sing a favorite of mine—'The Old Religion is Good Enough for Me?' I don't know what Dr. Abbott thinks of that, but I like it." They sang it with enthusiasm, watching me a little, I thought, to see how I took it. In fact, the old religion is good enough for me, but the old theology is not. The singing put the audience in sympathy with the speaker, and throughout his instructive address he had the closest attention.

Speaking habitually to a race whose religion had been almost exclusively emotional, Mr. Washington laid stress upon the practical virtues of our common life, because these were the virtues which in that race most needed cultivation. If he had cared to defend himself from the criticism to which he was sometimes subjected, he might have done so in the words of the Apostle James: "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." His single-hearted and self-denying devotion to the service of the poor and ignorant is happily not without parallels in the history of the Christian Church, but I do not know where in ancient or modern history a story of a life can be found which surpasses his in unselfish devotion.

The greatest single service he rendered to his country was his creation of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

In 1881 the Legislature of Alabama appropriated $2,000 a year to start a school for colored people in Tuskegee and wrote to Dr. H. B. Frissell, who at that time was Principal of Hampton Institute, asking him to suggest to them a Principal for the new enterprise. Dr. Frissell recommended Mr. Washington, then in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age and in charge of the night school at Hampton. Mr. Washington accepted the invitation and went to Tuskegee, expecting to find there a building properly equipped for school work. He found nothing of the kind, but did find "that which no costly building and apparatus can supply—hundreds of hungry, earnest souls who wanted to secure knowledge." The annual appropriation of $2,000 made by the Legislature could be used only for the payment of the salaries of the instructors. There was no provision for securing land, buildings, and apparatus.

The best accommodations for the school Mr. Washington could discover in the town were a colored Methodist church and a dilapidated shanty standing near it. Both of them were in such bad condition that during the first month of the school whenever it rained one of the students would leave his lessons to hold an umbrella over the teacher, and on more than one occasion the landlady held an umbrella over him while he ate his breakfast. Mr. Washington, in his autobiography, has given a graphic description of the surrounding conditions—the one-room huts, the log school-houses, the lack of thrift, the childish ambition for useless luxuries, and, worst of all, the aggressive hostility of the colored people to every kind of hand industry—a hostility inherited from the days of slavery, which had degraded labor. Current religious teaching sanctioned this prejudice. An old colored minister tried to convince Mr. Washington from the story of Adam and the Garden of Eden that God had cursed all labor, and therefore it was a sin for any man to work.

This was in 1881. In April, 1906, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee Institute was celebrated by appropriate exercises at Tuskegee. A special train from the North and local trains from the South brought to that celebration some two hundred distinguished visitors. Among them were such educational leaders as President Eliot of Harvard University, Principal Frissell of Hampton Institute, and President J. W. Abercrombie of the University of Alabama; such business leaders as Andrew Carnegie and Robert C. Ogden; such reformers and philanthropists as George McAneny, J. G. Phelps Stokes, and William H. Taft; the last was supposed to represent the views of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, of which he was an honored member.

These visitors found, in place of the dilapidated meeting-house and its companion shanty, an Institute possessing 2,300 acres of land, upwards of 90 buildings, over 1,200 pupils, over 150 teachers, an aggregate endowment, including its real estate, of over $2,000,000 in value, and involving a current expenditure of about $180,000 a year. From its gates 6,000 men and women had gone out to carry with them a leaven of intelligent industry throughout the South and some of them into distant lands; nearly 500 had been trained in its Bible Training School for direct Christian work; upwards of 2,000 were engaged in teaching, and as a result of their efforts there had sprung up sixteen incorporated schools animated by their spirit and extending their work. It was stated then that it was not known that a single graduate of the Institute had ever been convicted of a crime, and I think that this statement is still true.

If Mr. Washington had done nothing more in his life, the creation of such a school as the Tuskegee Normal and Agricultural Institute in twenty-five years' time would have been a sufficient achievement to justify his enrollment among the great men of his age.

This was not, however, his sole achievement. His money-raising expeditions in the North were educational and missionary expeditions. He interpreted the South to the North and the North to the South; he interpreted the white man to the black man and the black man to the white man; and he laid stress on the value of industrial education, an education which would fit men for "Working with the Hands," to use the title of one of his books. In 1881 there was no provision in any State in the Union for industrial education except two or three engineering schools. Now there is no State in the Union that does not make some provision for such education. Fifty years ago our American system of education was almost purely academic and literary; that during the last fifty years it has been undergoing a transformation, that it is now beginning to furnish equipment for life and varied equipment for the various kinds of life which its graduates are about to enter, is due, undoubtedly, to a variety of leaders and influences, but no three men have done more to bring about this than General Armstrong, H. B. Frissell, and Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Washington died of overwork at the age of fifty-six or fifty-seven, as truly a sacrificial offering as was any hero on the battlefield or any martyr at the stake.

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ANSWER TO A TIMID LOVER

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THESE shall be my songs to you:
Water running up a hill,
Stones singing as birds do,
Rain falling hot and shrill,

Black flames burning high,
Wind clouds changeless and at rest,
Sun that sets in the eastern sky
And rises in the west!

You may know by these things
I am coming and very near;
Then hide! hide when the first stone sings,
Lest you be stricken down with fear!

BRICKS OR PERSONALITIES

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

NOT long ago I built a little cottage by the shore of a lake for summer use; that is, I designed it, and hired a carpenter to build it. Now I wanted that house to suit a number of peculiar needs of myself and family and possible guests, and for those needs I had designed it. Was the carpenter glad to have the interesting job of putting together a house such as he had never seen before? He was not. He grumbled at each variation from the regular run of houses that he had been building. Why did I want so much overhang to the eaves of my roof? Why did I want such gradual slopes to the roofs? Why did I want a door for each room? Why did I turn my doors upside down before hanging them? Why did I lay my windows on their sides so that they gave a wide view instead of the usual tall view? Why did I used waney-edged boards instead of straight-edged? Why were most of the angles in the house sixty-degree instead of ninety-degree angles? Of course he was there to build the house I wanted, but wasn't I a queer duck to do all these irregular things? (This opinion was expressed to others, not to me.) He preferred to build my house just like ordinary houses. I wanted my house to fulfill everything that would be demanded of it by us who were going to live in it. I wanted it to be a little personality in wood that we should all love to come back to each summer.

Inside the house I wanted fireplaces. I consulted my carpenter. He told me he could build one out of brick. But I wanted field stone, because I was going to sit before my fireplaces on cool summer evenings and on rainy afternoons and delight my eyes with the flickering flames and the odd, queer-shaped stones that were to make up those fireplaces. I did not want to feast my eyes on a thousand bricks, each one exactly like each other one. I wanted variety and personality to my picture. So I went hunting for another mason. Two of them turned me down when they heard that I was going to build of field stone. They could do ordinary brick masonry, but it was too hard work fitting together field stone. They liked bricks, not personalities. I liked personalities, not bricks.

So it has been for ages with the schools and school-teachers. They have found it a lot easier to work with bricks than with personalities. If you worked always with bricks of the same kind, building houses of the same kind, you could figure out a system that worked just as well—or as ill—with every set of children that came under your care. If you concerned yourself with knocking off the rough edges and forming all the personalities that came to you into square-sided, reliable bricks, you could build the good old-fashioned house that you liked to build with very little effort. It may or may not have occurred to the old-fashioned teachers—and most of the teachers of the present day fall into that class still—that personalities were nicer to rub elbows with in the world than bricks. If such thoughts came to them, either they sighed and said it couldn't be done in a school such as they had to teach in, or they declared that children would always be personalities, regardless of the efforts of the school to shape them pretty much alike in a scholastic way. Moreover, they often declared that people had to have a great many educative experiences in common or they would not be able to function properly in the world, filling all the humdrum brick-shaped positions that the world was largely composed of.

Some teachers and systems have even gone so far as to cry: "Out upon the people who would build personalities too soon! They are producing an impossible set of individuals, freaks, cranks, social misfits, intellectual butterflies, etc." This generation is too individualistic already. What we really need is conformity in certain generally recognized fundamentals of education. We never shall have another chance to train children to conform. Therefore let us drill them all with rigid uniformity in the basic grammar school subjects."

Now, looking at the thing from a narrow-minded, near-sighted, Prussian point of view, in which the social body is considered as the truly important thing to build up and the individual as unimportant as a cog-wheel or a bolt in a piece of machinery, these persons who cry, "Out upon the reformers!" are perfectly correct. All practical builders of machinery of any sort to-day recognize the importance of standardization of parts; it makes repair or replacement so much simpler. But even with machinery, the manufacturer copies the standard form only when he has not some particular device of his own to make that part more efficient. Consider automobiles, for instance. What a variety of personalities we find there! And how much pride the owner of a good car takes in the peculiar personality of that particular car! He is willing to have to spend extra time in repairs or replacement of parts for the sake of having parts that fill the requirements of the machine and give it distinction. He is glad of conformity only when conformity gives his machine the most workable parts that every machine must have, and does not cramp the machine's efficiency.

If the worshipers of conformity in the training of children would take this practical view of things, even their Prussian view of individuals as unimportant parts of the all-important whole might be fruitful of but little harm. If we insisted upon our children conforming to the extent of learning universally *only* such things as all people need to know—and then helped them to develop their personalities by following each individual line of interest as far as possible, teachers might find that more brain power was required on their part to do the job well. But they would find also that the at present all-engrossing problem of discipline would to a certain extent solve itself. Satan does not find mischief for busy hands to do. Give a

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child interests and he needs but few policemen.

This is not at all a radical doctrine. It is one that has been held by prominent educators for years and years and accepted on faith by the American public as a whole. It is just about what the public thinks is being followed out in the schools. But the public is too trusting. It has never demanded to be told what are these *"things that all children must learn* in order to get along in the world." It has never discovered that theorists and enthusiasts have crowded into the list of universally studied subjects a great mass of subjects that are perhaps desirable for most children, or many children, and possible of attainment by only a few children.

For instance, all children really ought to learn to read. Some children are capable of becoming true book-lovers and appreciators of the finest literature of the ages. But many children will never be true book-lovers, will never be able to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton and others. Yet the course for them all is aimed at the development of the potential litterateurs only. The others are forced through the literary mill regardless of their inclinations or potentialities, simply on the fatuous plea: "It would be nice if they could all appreciate good literature. Yes, every young American ought to be taught to appreciate fine books." Fiddlesticks and bosh! It would be ideal, but it can't be done. Why kill the taste for ordinary wholesome fiction in the effort to make litterateurs? *All children must learn to read.* But that is as far as the *must* ought to be carried.

All children need to know how to write legibly. This can be taught to a ten-year-old in three months of aiming at that one thing—legible writing. But it "would be nice" if all children wrote, not merely legibly, but rapidly, and easily, and beautifully, and untiringly. So children are kept at the grind of learning all these "desirable" attributes for six years or more—and they hate writing. Moreover, because the desirables are mixed with the "necessities" the children often fail to learn the necessity (legible writing) at all. The trusting public is being cheated. It is like the man who told his friend to buy him a horse; the friend bought the horse, and a carriage to go with it, and then another horse to help draw the carriage; and the poor man had to pay for it all.

It is safe to say that all children need to know how to do a certain amount of figuring. With this as the opening wedge, we teach arithmetic for eight long, weary years. Any one of us who goes back over his use of arithmetic knows that it hardly ever goes beyond addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers, with enough of decimals to enable a person to point off the cents when dealing with money. In addition to this, it is possible that we may find ourselves called upon to add and subtract with common fractions as high as halves, thirds, fourths, and fifths. All this is learned by most children before they reach the fifth grade. It could easily be taught to a class of ten-year-olds in one year. But, for fear lest at some future time our children may meet some terrible mathematical problem and have to face it single-handed, we go on to teach them all under the false title of "necessities" every known process with common fractions of any conceivable denominator. We teach them long but sure ways of finding the greatest common divisor, the prime factors of a number, the least common multiple of several numbers; and we make up problems that no human being ever faced in order to give practice in the use of these processes that are so useless that the average adult cannot do them even now, because he has never had any opportunity in real life since he learned how in school.

Not satisfied with having slid the complexities of fractions in by the side door, our curriculum makers have introduced percentage with all its multitudinous brain-wearying puzzles and intricate business applications. If the fathers and mothers could only see their twelve and thirteen-year-old children being hurled into battle against percentage and his numerous bogies, they would call a halt and ask for a showdown. If individual parents do interview school officials on this score, however, they find themselves faced with apparently unanswerable arguments. They are told that no child can understand the constant daily application of percentage to business when he grows up without having been taught it in school. This is stupid and untrue. It is stupid because every young person going into a business has to learn the particular applications of percentage involved in that business all over again, anyway; and it is untrue because such young people can and do learn all such practical applications with almost no effort, once they are old enough to meet the real thing constantly.

Next the inquiring parent is told that all this difficult part of mathematics is the necessary preparation for the higher mathematics of high school. The parent is not told that only a small part of each class ever goes to high school. Nor is he told that in high school all pupils who have come unscathed through the battle with percentage are going to be sent forth to conquer algebra and geometry (in a few schools of the highest character this crime is not perpetrated) because colleges will not admit boys and girls who have not had these subjects. Nor is he told that of those studying algebra and geometry in high school only a small part ever go to college or will therefore ever need these subjects. Nor is he told that after that small number get to college a still smaller number ever touch mathematics again. And yet, on the plea that it is a necessary training for higher mathematics, all children that the schools can get their hands on are taught difficult fractions, percentage with its intricate applications, algebra, and geometry.

How many of those who read this article could pass examinations in the above-mentioned subjects?

If any parent discussing the criminality of the curriculum with a school official gets this far and still appears unsatisfied, he is fed the argument (almost unanswerable at first glance) that all of this mathematical training is good mental discipline for any child; that it develops the power to reason, and that it teaches the child to bore through the hardest of tasks unflinchingly. This argument is like a ghost that cannot be laid. Psychologists have shot it full of holes, and the most progressive students of education have banished it from their minds. But the rank and file of curriculum makers call it up as a last resort whenever any subject is assailed for its practical uselessness. As an argument it succeeds because it is so reasonable in its sound to the lay mind. Yet the fact is that training in mathematical reasoning helps almost not at all in any other form of reasoning, any more than learning to swing an ax helps in playing a violin.

So the teaching of the greater part of mathematics to all of our children as a "necessity" is just a plain fraud, like the universal teaching of all the other "desirables" as if they were "basic necessities." And practically all the rest of the school curriculum—even the physical education side with its calisthenics, and its marching tactics, and its heavy apparatus work, and its rhythmic exercises, all of them stressed instead of the wholesome play that is really needed—all the rest of the school curriculum is made up of mixed desirables and necessities forced upon all the children under the head of necessities.

The machine builder is frank. He says: In such and such respects will I standardize parts for the convenience of all concerned; but in such and such respects I will not standardize, because I can build better machines if I individualize each to the type of work required of it. The executive of a company is frank. He says: Such and such money we must spend; and in addition such and such money could well be spent here, and here, and here. The manufacturer and the executive are sensible and straightforward. The curriculum builder says one thing and does another. It is not that he is a deliberate hypocrite. It is that he is a blind, timid mole, running along paths dug long ago and telling himself that this is the only way to run. The builders of our human houses, our children, are like masons who, because bricks are sometimes necessary, and always easy to lay, because they are all alike, refuse to lay anything else but bricks.

But the real educator says: I am a builder of personalities, not of blank walls. I need enough uniformity so that my structure will fit together at the vital spots; but after that uniformity is assured give me variety, variety, and endless variety, that the mind may not tire of its contact with the personalities that I build.

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OCTOBER IN NEW ENGLAND

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

FIELDS NEAR NORTHAMPTON

A STUDY OF MASSACHUSETTS BIRCHES

From Alice J. Platt, Northampton, Mass.

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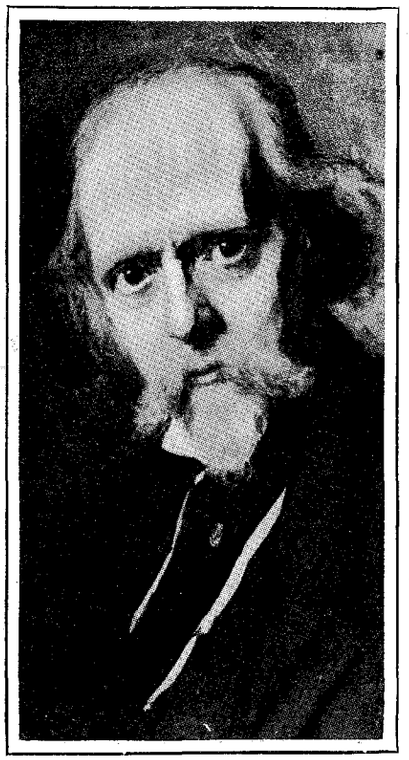
THE BOOK TABLE

AMONG THE FALL NOVELS

THIS is the season when an abundant stream of fiction pours from the presses. Much of it is ephemeral, sentimental, or sensational. But there is also much that is literature, much that is worthy of going on one's library shelves to be re-read years hence, much that is distinguished by art in the writing, much that deals with human nature subtly and in a convincing way. Tastes differ in fiction; time is the winnower of the wheat from the too abundant chaff, but even in the immediate reception accorded the new novels it is easy to see that some are destined to a short and merry life of favor, others to solid success because they do something more than skim the surface and amuse or excite for an hour.

This autumn's fiction already includes several really notable novels, and there is promise of others soon to come. If I were called upon to select that one which has taken hold most strongly on my admiration, I should hesitate between Mr. Galsworthy's "To Let" and Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." Both are unusual in their appeal to the sympathy, and both have the quality of distinction in style and strength in the building up of the individual characters. Both also have an ironic survey of narrow, shut-in social convention.

Mr. Hutchinson's previous novels have been at least moderately successful. "The Happy Warrior" and "Once Aboard the Lugger" are recalled with pleasure; but his new story, "If Winter Comes,"[1] is bigger in every way. In it the author has found himself completely. His Mark Sabre is a modest, self-abnegating person; too unselfish to maintain his rights or assert himself against injustice; so fair that he is apt to argue his opponent's side. In some ways he reminds one of Mr. Locke's "Septimus," but he is without Septimus's extreme quaintness. This lovable, gentle fellow, a man of imagination and romantic instincts, is married to Mabel, a selfish, matter-of-fact, Pharisaic person who tramples all over his susceptibilities, is incapable of understanding his fair-mindedness, and condemns him unheard when he is accused of atrocious conduct. This snob of a wife is as humorless as she is selfish, and Mark's efforts to make her see the amusing side of life seem to her flat idiocy. In his business relations Mark is hardly more happy than at home. Behind all this incompatibility, however, there is a latent romance which in time becomes a temptation. Finally, there is the crashing tragedy of a false charge of infidelity and of conniving at the suicide of the woman he is charged with betraying and the murder of her child. A more desperate situation would be hard to invent. But, as Mr. Hutchinson's title intimates (all his book titles are quotations), "If Winter Comes," then spring is on its way. There is happiness at the end, although the reader rather resents the fact that poor Mark's innocence and self-sacrifice cannot be publicly established, since he



HALL CAINE

has deliberately destroyed the evidence. Mark is whimsical and natural; the reader enjoys him, believes in him, and suffers with him. The story of his life and of the many people who misunderstood him and the few who loved him is both humorous and spiritually arousing. It leaves a good taste in the mouth.

Mr. Galsworthy's "To Let"[2] is the third novel he has written dealing with the history of the Forsyte family. He achieves a triumph of technical art in managing the family complications and involved relationships in such a way as not to confuse the reader or put him off his course. In order to enjoy "To Let" it is not at all necessary to have read "The Man of Property" or "In Chancery," although one who has done so gains a special and added pleasure. In sheer fineness and delicate shading of style, in the pitiless rendering of the sordidness of wealth-getting, and in the beauty of the love that gives instead of takes, Mr. Galsworthy is at his very best in this book. The oldest Forsyte, Timothy, now over a hundred, dies with his mind (what is left of it) centered in keeping his property together for the future just as long as English law will allow. Soames Forsyte, who thought that his wife was just as much his property as his picture collection, begins to suspect that "the possessive principle has got its shutters up." He used to think that "a man owned his soul, his investments, and his woman without check or question. And now the state had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul." The youngest generation, Soames's daughter Fleur and Jon, son of Soames's divorced wife, love in vain, for the horror of the chasm that separates them is impassable. Of all the many Forsytes who have passed before the reader in this trilogy of three generations the only one who leaves a tender impression is that Jolyon who preferred love to fame and art to money. Mr. Galsworthy is much too subtle to preach, but his characters by their limitations and failures speak for him, and the lesson is one of social growth even more than of individual character.

A new novel by William Dean Howells —the announcement would have made a literary sensation twenty years ago.[3] To-day too many readers, I am afraid, will say, quite wrongly, "Oh, a posthumous novel; probably not his best work." Why Mr. Howells held the story back from book form we do not know. His daughter in an interesting Introduction makes one or two tentative suggestions of reasons. I feel sure that it was not held back because the author thought it was below his reputation in humor, ease of writing, or the rendering of individual traits. In fact, it compares very well with most of his novels in those respects. Perhaps the ending seemed to him rather weak (it is so, in fact), perhaps he meant to strengthen the plot and incident. At all events, it is mighty good reading, and as a study of perverse feminine psychology it is Howells at his best. The story was published as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly" about forty-five years ago, and was then called "Private Theatricals," a much better title than it now bears, for it is essentially a study of a flirtatious widow who could no more help playing a part in private life than she could help breathing. There is a quaint interest in going back with Mr. Howells in his younger years to the period of hoop-skirts, chignons, and delicate females. Whatever its faults may be, the story has been a pleasure to read.

Whether any one has yet called Sir Hall Caine the Harold Bell Wright of England I don't know. Probably both would resent the comparison. They have in common these points—their books sell enormously, the majority of critics scoff at them, and they are overburdened by a somewhat excessive sense of responsibility for the world's moral regeneration. To which may be added that a little keener sense of humor

[1] If Winter Comes. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

[2] To Let. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

[3] Mrs. Farrell. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

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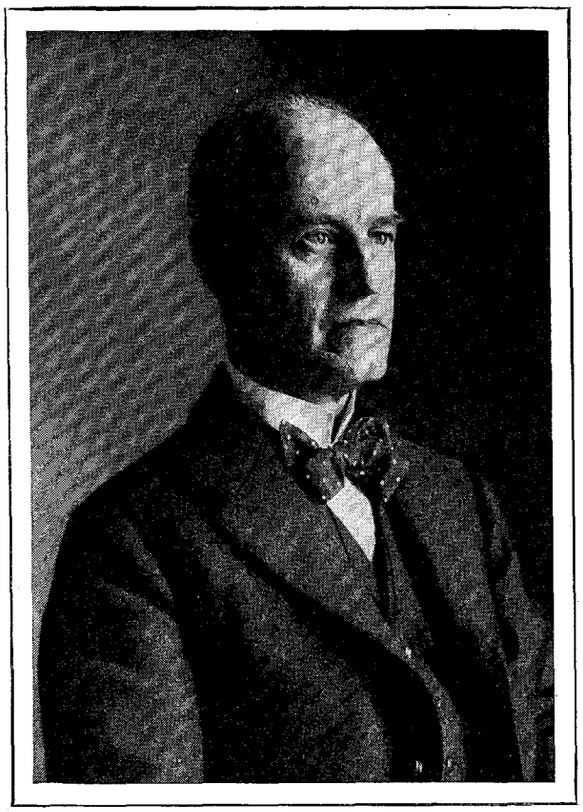


(C) Paul Thompson

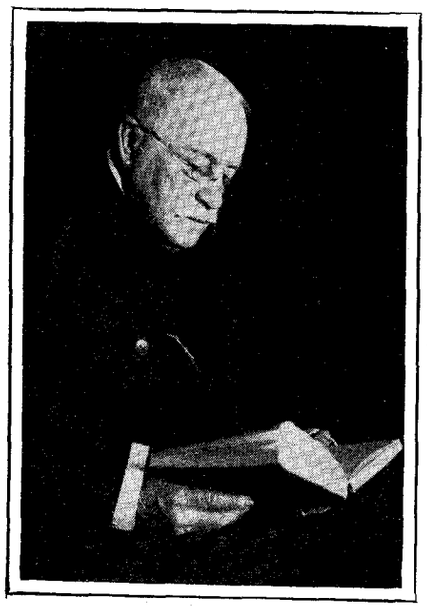
JOHN GALSWORTHY

(C) Elliott & Fry, Ltd., London

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

would perhaps prevent them from taking themselves quite so seriously. It is true nevertheless that rarely can an author repeatedly get hold of the attention of vast numbers of the common people without sincerity and earnestness. "The Master of Man"[4] goes back for its scene to the Isle of Man. Hall Caine's first novel, "The Deemster," had the same setting, and it has seemed to many readers that "The Deemster" had more literary color and quality and less portentous solemnity of manner than "The Christian," which followed. But the latter sold enormously and the former not. The present tale combines the merits of "The Deemster" and the faults of "The Christian." The descriptive passages are excellent, the customs and ancient traditions of Manx life are interesting. The situation is tense and anguishing—ah, yes; that is the trouble; it is too tense, too anguishing, too long drawn out. Sin, folly, reparation, happiness—the sequence is a common one in Hall Caine's books. It is sound and righteous, and the lesson may have its spiritual value and effect, but as drama and as writing the effect could have been better obtained in half the space. One sympathizes with the terrible situation of the young Deemster, who sits as judge over a girl charged with the murder of a child who is his as well as hers. Fate as well as sin had to do with this tragic situation. The Deemster had sworn to do justice as impartially "as the herring bone doth lie down the middle of the fish;" but he was man enough to secure the girl's escape after conviction. There is here, by the way, a characteristic lack of probability; there was no compulsion on the Deemster to try the case, and in real life he would not have sat as judge. It is in many cases fate rather than passion or reason that drives Hall Caine's men and women into desperate crises. Altogether one feels that the story is extravagantly emotional.

[4] The Master of Man. By Sir Hall Caine. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.75.



WILLIAM D. HOWELLS

Miss May Sinclair's "Mr. Waddington of Wyck"[5] is a minutely painted portrait of a monumental fool. Waddington is egoist as well as fool, and sensualist to boot. He cannot be compared with Meredith's "Egoist," for Sir Willoughby was far from being a fool. The one character of whom Waddington does remind one irresistibly is Shakespeare's Malvolio; only that ass can compare with Miss Sinclair's idiot for impenetrable self-conceit and pompous belief in his

[5] Mr. Waddington of Wyck. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

MAY SINCLAIR

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conquering eye. The cleverness of the portrait is in making such a thick-skinned piece of masculine vanity seem possible. Every one laughs at him, but he fails to see that he is ridiculous. And he is not only ridiculous but amusing, so much so that even his wife can all but forgive his intended faithlessness because he is so entertaining. The way to hammer at a human foible is to exaggerate its extent. That was the method of Molière, and that is the method in this book. It is a masterpiece in its way. The figure of "W of W" stands out like a colossal statue of folly; the others, women chiefly, simply help to celebrate his greatness as fool.

One wonders whether the recent discussion of the memoirs put forth by the prototype of Mr. Benson's original Dodo have had an influence in leading him to give us a picture of Dodo [6] in middle age, during and after the Great War. Whatever the reason, we are glad to find her still chattering away with the utmost cheerfulness, saying clever things half consciously and half instinctively, audacious, kind to every one, even to the intolerable German Prince and Princess she is called on to entertain just as war begins. Here is what Dodo at the age of fifty-five liked: "I like the fox-trot and going in an airplane and modern pictures which look equally delicious upside down, and modern poetry which doesn't scan or rhyme or mean anything, and sitting up all night." Dodo, with all her liveliness and social impudence, is a large-hearted, generous soul. Readers liked her a generation ago, and they will like her now.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON. By Eva Emery Dye. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.75.

Here is a new edition of a book that tells in story form of the making of Oregon and of the careers of Dr. John McLoughlin and Dr. Marcus Whitman, called the Father and the Martyr of the Pacific Northwest.

TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OLD ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND. By Allan Forbes. 2 vols. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The novel idea of commemorating the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims by issuing a work descriptive of the towns of New England and those of Old England which bear a common name is carried out with signal success in these two handsome volumes. Historical matter of rare interest to residents of these places on both sides of the Atlantic is attractively presented, together with numerous well-printed illustrations, more especially of the towns of the Old Country here described.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF JOB (THE). By Samuel Rolles Driver and George Buchanan Gray. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50.

A recent publication of papers read before the Catholic Bible Congress, held at Cambridge last July, gives in an extreme form the old views of the Bible interpreted by such sentences as: "God himself is the author of the book;" "Inspiration necessarily involves the absolute veracity of every statement of the Bible; for as God wrote it, and God cannot lie, the Bible cannot contain error of any kind." The modern view of the Bible is radically different. It may be expressed thus: Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; inspiration is the breathing of that life into the soul of man; revelation is the unveiling of that life for the instruction of others; thus the Bible is a book of religion rather than a book about religion; it is an interpretation of the "meaning of God in human experience." We do not know of any scholar, German or English, of this school who is a more sane, well-balanced, and carefully conscientious interpreter of the Bible as a book written "by holy men moved by the Holy Ghost" than Dr. Samuel Rolles Driver. He is open-minded but not loose-minded, is not indifferent to tradition but not bound by it. The work which he was not able to complete before his death has been finished by an associate of the same school and of like spirit. The result is a work which will of necessity find its place in all public libraries which give any attention to Biblical literature and in many private libraries of Biblical scholars. But it is distinctly a book for scholars, unavailable, by reason of its minute scholarship, for the lay reader.

WAR BOOKS

AMERICAN RED CROSS WORK AMONG THE FRENCH PEOPLE. By Fisher Ames, Jr. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This book is valuable both as a book of reference to those who have seen service in France and as a description to those who have not. There are statements of such unappreciated facts as, for instance, that the German air raids in France raised the mortality (by crowding people into the damp, pneumonia-ridden cellar refuges) by 100 per cent. The work of the American Red Cross in France deserves such a memorial as is this volume; starting with a personnel of about twenty, by January, 1919, over six thousand men and women were working for it there. The book takes its merited place alongside the already published "The American Red Cross in the War," "The Red Cross in Italy," "The Passing Legions," and "A Red Cross Chapter at Work," and is not the least interesting of these volumes.

WATCHING ON THE RHINE. By Violet R. Markham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Americans are particularly interested in developments along the Rhine because of the presence of American soldiers there. They have had little opportunity, however, to know about conditions as affected by the presence of British and French soldiers in their respective occupied zones. This volume affords such an opportunity, so far as the British are concerned, and, indeed, much of what the author says concerning the British and their relations to the Germans also is applicable to the relations existing between the Germans and the Americans and the Germans and the French respectively. The author's year in Germany was evidently well spent.

SCIENCE

MORE HUNTING WASPS. By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

One is never tired of reading of the habits and tragedies of insect life as Fabre portrayed them.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN POLICE ADMINISTRATION. By D. Graper. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

This volume considers various phases of the police problem, as may be gathered from the subjects of some of its chapters—"The Organization of City Police Departments," "Appointments, Promotions, and Removals," "Training of Policemen," "Detective Services," etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

DESIGNS FOR AMERICAN HOMES. By H. G. Outwater. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

LONDON MOSAIC (A). Text by W. L. George, Pictures by Philippe Forbes-Robertson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $4.

OPERA SYNOPSES. A Guide to the Plots and Characters of the Standard Operas. By J. Walker McSpadden. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

D. D. HOME, HIS LIFE AND MISSION. By Mme. Dunglas Home and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT. By Sir Henry Lucy. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

SALEM SHIPMASTER AND MERCHANT (A). The Autobiography of George Nichols. Edited by Martha Nichols. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $2.50.

STRINDBERG THE MAN. By Gustaf Uddgren. Translated from the Swedish by Axel Johan Uppvall, Ph.D. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $2.

SUVOROF. By W. Lyon Blease. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $9.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CHINA CAPTIVE OR FREE? By Gilbert Reid. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

DIPLOMACY, OLD AND NEW. By George Young. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. $1.

ECONOMICS OF COMMUNISM (THE). By Leo Paslovsky. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

MORALITY OF THE STRIKE (THE). By Donald A. McLean. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. $1.75.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. By Arnold Bennett Hall. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

SOCIAL REBUILDERS. By Charles Reynolds Brown. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.25.

[6] Dodo Wonders. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company. $1.90.

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NEW ANGLES IN SMALL-TOWN BANKING

BY JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.

WERE I asked to point out a striking example of the new spirit in American banking, I hould not look for it in a large city. ather would I go out into the tail end f the Ozark hills in Missouri, to a cer-ain little farming community of 150 ouls.

The bank here was founded sixteen ears ago by a parish priest. Its capital s only $15,000 and its deposits no more han $80,000. A "runt bank," a city anker would call it. But hear its story.

Several years ago the banker-priest wakened to the fact that his parish vas in danger of depopulation. The arms in the district were cropped out, nd farmers were taking their families way into more fertile valleys.

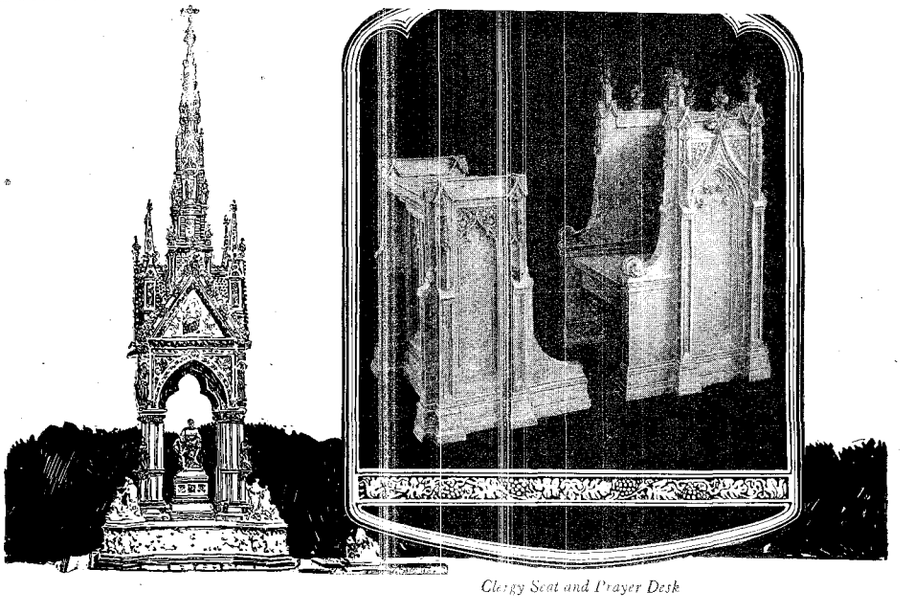
The banker-priest started an experi-nental farm. He studied modern agri-ultural methods. He introduced ter-ace farming to prevent erosion and howed his parishioners how to rotate heir crops. Part of the bank's funds he nvested in pure-bred Guernsey cows, which he distributed on long-term notes. Extensive analysis showed him that the soil of the district was admirably adapted to peach growing. He devoted several of his sermons to an exposition of modern orcharding methods.

To-day, as a result of his initiative, that little community is the home of contented farmers and their families. Land values have doubled and trebled, and the peaches and other products of the district are recognized in distant city markets. The cream distributed from the co-operative station established by the banker-priest is of such excel-lence that it brings six cents more than the regular market price.

It is a simple little story of bank leadership. It is matched daily by city bankers in hundreds of instances on a larger scale. But somehow in this quiet country district the professional spirit of the banker stands out in high relief. The economic structure of the com-munity is simple enough to afford a heart-gladdening view of the results of his service.

Perhaps that is one of the many rea-sons why our small towns and villages are proving so attractive to young city bankers. There are something like thirty thousand banks in the United States, and more than three-fourths of these are situated in towns and villages of less than ten thousand population. These small-town institutions constitute a great undeveloped field in American banking. Here the young man has am-ple scope for the exercise of originality and initiative. Here there is work to be done on which he can place the stamp of his own personality in far greater degree than is possible in a larger bank of many highly specialized departments.

I am reminded of one New England banker who purchased thirty thousand pounds of alfalfa seed—principally Grimm, a heavy-yielding variety. Then he closed his desk and "flivvered" around among his clients. He pointed



Clergy Seat and Prayer Desk

QUEEN VICTORIA gave her later years to the per-petuation of her deceased consort's memory and ideals. As in the privacy of her own life she retained, in a very touching manner, every phys-ical memento of his earthly presence as constant reminders of his lofty ideals and aspira-tions, so in many a public me-morial, as most notably in the beautiful Albert Memorial here portrayed, did she seek to per-petuate the memory of his life for future generations.

For bereaved husband or wife there is likewise truest solace in thus honoring their loved ones. To place such a memento within the sacred House of Worship where spirit communes with spirit and all are one with God seems most fitting and proper.

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NEW ANGLES IN SMALL-TOWN BANKING (*Continued*)

out to them the folly of straight grain and potato production, and bore down on all arguments with a formidable array of figures on alfalfa yields. He succeeded in distributing the seed to 320 farmers, giving them a year's time in which to pay for it. Since then the alfalfa acreage of that region has increased 260 acres; the value of the increase of alfalfa in this region amounted in one year to more than $119,000 worth of hay.

I have in mind another banker, out in the Western live-stock country. He was not satisfied with the quality of the stock of his customers, so he imported blooded ewes and distributed them among his customers on long-time notes. Before this the shearing average was seven pounds a head. To-day it is eleven pounds. The customers of that bank run 40,000 ewes. That means an increase of 160,000 pounds of wool which was, at the time I visited the region, worth $80,000.

This is creating new wealth. And that new wealth will eventually, in part at least, flow back into these banks. Whether his spirit is one of service or selfishness, the banker is rewarded for looking after the interests of his clients. Many times, however, his own interests are secondary. If you analyze the motives of a great many of our highly successful country bankers, you will find that it is the "spirit of the game" that animates them. The history of the development of the co-operative movement in our Pacific Coast States holds many instances of disinterested banker leadership. The orange, citrus, walnut, and other growers recount many stories of bankers who were in the thick of the fight, combating the politics, mendacious propaganda, and other devious methods employed by the middlemen in their efforts to prevent the growers from organizing.

This co-operative movement is perhaps the biggest thing to-day in agricultural America. Many agrarian leaders look forward to the day when farmers' co-operative associations of Nation-wide scope will bring about revolutionary modifications in our distributive system. There are already more than fifteen thousand of these associations in existence, and they transact more than one and one-half billion dollars' worth of business every year.

There is need for broad-gauged thinking on another phase of the farmers' marketing problem. Heretofore, with foreign markets clamoring for his surplus, and with ample shipping available, his wheat and other products have been allowed to dam up at their sources of production. Many times the farmer has fastened the blame on wholly innocent domestic conditions, or has asked the Treasury and the Federal Reserve banks for artificial support against continued slow markets and deflated prices.

The trouble has been, however, in the inadequacy of our machinery for granting long-term credits. To meet this need the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation is being formed under the Edge

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Act. Its capital of $100,000,000 and surplus of $5,000,000 will enable it to issue up to one billion dollars of debentures, amply secured by the collateral it accepts from foreign buyers.

The foreigner is willing to deposit proper collateral and to pay for such long-term credits at a price that will make these debentures profitable investments. And the purchase of the stock of the corporation will provide funds which, loaned on long time and on proper collateral to foreign buyers, will enable them to buy vast quantities of our products for export.

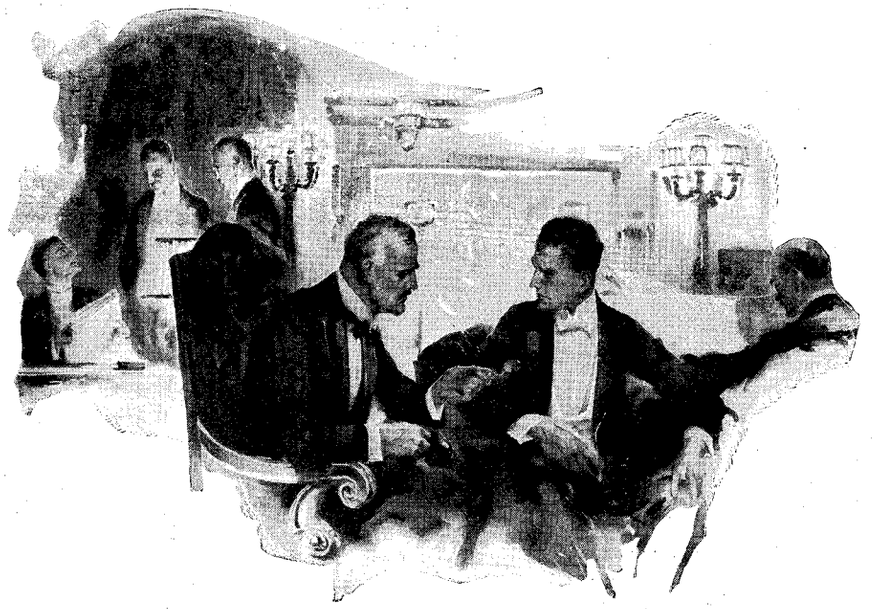
Farmers have taken a leading part in forming this first giant organization for foreign trade. In all sections of the country they are displaying an intelligent interest in foreign markets. The country banker, as the business leader of the community, is called upon to grasp the facts of international affairs and bring them home to his clients. He is being forced to study something more than the proceedings of the board of county commissioners.

Not alone from an agricultural standpoint, however, is the small-town banker interested in foreign trade. It is not generally known that a very large proportion of our manufactured goods comes from towns and small cities of less than fifty thousand population. In 416 cities of from ten to twenty-five thousand population in 1914 the total value of manufactured products was $3,261,395,000. These smaller manufacturers are nearly all members of world-wide trade associations. Raw materials are constantly flowing in to them from the seaboards, and their finished products are going forth to the ends of the earth. They are depending more and more on their local banks for the machinery of foreign-trade financing.

If the small-town banker has no manufacturing clients, he is very likely to be interested in securing them. In recent years increased attention has been directed toward a phase of American industry which is recognized as a weak spot in the structure of our National life. Heretofore it has engaged the thoughts of sociological dreamers alone. To-day it is in the minds of hard-headed bankers.

Any one who has wandered up and down the numerous fishing streams of New England has come upon abandoned small factories, broken dams, and weed-filled cellar holes. They are reminders of a few generations ago when the farmers, after working their farms in the summer months, supplied the labor for small local industries. From hundreds of these small plants scattered in towns and villages throughout the six New England States farmers by the thousand received the money which, together with the income from their farms in the summer, induced to a thrifty home and community life.

A combination of several forces destroyed this balanced unit of rural life in New England. The development of the large industrial plant in the large city crushed the lives of hundreds of the small village mills and factories. The



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NEW ANGLES IN SMALL-TOWN BANKING (*Continued*)

centralization of the farm industry farther West resulted in hundreds of abandoned farms and orchards. And the exodus of skilled farmer-artisans either to the large manufacturing centers or to the virgin lands of the West resulted in a depleted community life from which New England is only just beginning to recover.

Nevertheless, in spite of the record of the past, there are hundreds of New England banking men who see a future in the small local industry. And there are many Southern bankers who are studying the idea. In the cotton regions a family that produces a maximum crop can work in that crop but an average of 125 days a year. Our Western bankers are interested in the idea also. They have seen how the timber interests of the Mississippi Valley have developed their cut-over lands into farms, with no other purpose than to stabilize life in their mill towns. Agriculture has been made to serve industry. There is no reason, they say, why industry cannot be made to serve agriculture.

There is much of pure idealism in the idea. And yet, strangely enough, it is recommending itself to very practical thinkers. It is very likely that the next important step in the development of American industry will come out of the quiet countryside.

FROM THE MAIL BAG

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL AID FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

A GENERATION ago almost invariably the answer to the above question would have been, "On his own account, that he, as an individual, may develop his talents to the highest possible degree."

A variant of the same conception was the education of the child on his family's account. Few there were with the courage to affirm boldly that the selfish development of the individual should be second to his education as a member of the community, the State, the Nation.

Man is. Just what is his relation to the universe? It is made up of four distinct elements: His duty to himself, to his community, to his State, to his Nation. Strive as he may, never can he disentangle these threads. And the ultimate happiness of the individual depends upon his recognition of this truth and upon his voluntary subordination of self for the good of the world.

Such an acceptance involves responsibility, a responsibility too great for the individual to shoulder—too great, even, for the community or the State to carry alone. Only the Nation is strong enough to bring about the reforms in the public system that are vital to the well-being of this larger view-point.

What reforms? Pre-eminently, doing away with illiteracy, limited literacy, health deficiencies, and native-born alienism. These are defects of the system as a whole, of the rural schools in particular. This, because the rural school is

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ıe principal feeder of the high schools f the country, and so, indirectly, of the ɔlleges and universities. Sixty per cent f the children of this elementary di-ision are in the rural schools. Bold ıdeed would be the man who affirmed ıat all was well here. Poor school-ouses, scanty equipment, short school erms, untrained teachers—all these andicaps to efficient work cry insist-ntly for elimination.

They exist mainly because money is ıcking. Annually, sixty-eight per cent f the Nation's educational funds goes ɔ the colleges and universities, twenty-hree per cent to the common schools of he city, and nine per cent to the rural chools. Yet without the latter, without ural education, American civilization ɔuld break down.

History tells us that local taxation ailed to provide adequate education for he Nation's children. Into the breach tepped the State. It set up various tandards, it provided supervision, it axed itself as a whole for the good of ts units. Conditions were bettered, but he problem in its entirety was too big or the State to solve. National aid lone can make our educational system trong, vigorous, and efficient. It is so ow in spots—in this State, in that ounty, in the other city—but education hould and must quicken every child. The child in the little miserable mining own is just as truly a National asset as he child born on Fifth Avenue."

Upon these premises was based the Smith-Towner Educational Bill, which ailed of passage in the last Congress. t provided for the creation of a Depart-nent of Education, with a Secretary in he President's Cabinet; for Federal aid oward education in the States, but it ɔrohibited Federal control. The fight is ıot over. Again will come before the Na-ion's lawmakers the question whether ɛach of its embryo citizens shall have ɛqual educational opportunity. The peo-ɔle have answered the question, "Why ɛducate?"

Will they, through their representa-ives, reply constructively to the query hat logically follows, "*How* shall we ɛducate the child?"

MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY.

IN FAIRNESS TO JAPAN

IN an article entitled "The Permit Kingdom," which appeared in one of your recent issues, the charge was made that the Japanese authorities in Korea had exhibited wanton disregard of the feelings of the Koreans in giving absolutely new names to places in Korea, the chief example of this wantonness being in the change of the name of the capital from Seoul to Keijo. Your correspondent probably was not aware that the transliterated Chinese ideographs in these two words, which appear to the American eye so different, are exactly the same. It is merely a difference in pronunciation, just as the word Paris is pronounced differently by a Frenchman and an American; or the word Berkeley by an American or an Englishman. It is a little difficult for one who is not a linguist to explain this to Americans, but a few examples may make things

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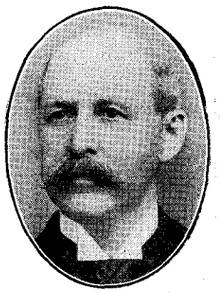

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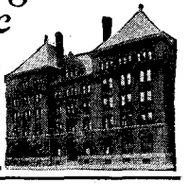

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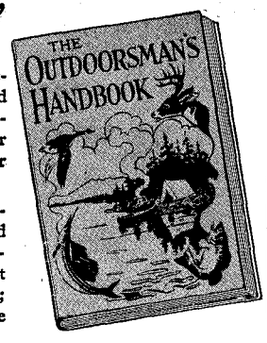

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clear. From time immemorial Japanese and Chinese have pronounced their own ideographs differently. This fact is one of the first difficulties experienced by the student of Oriental painting, and is partly due to the inability of the Chinese to pronounce certain letters, such as r or th, both of which are apt to be pronounced by the Chinese as we pronounce the letter l; for example, the Chinese painter Li Lung-mien has always been known to the Japanese as Ririumin. Even the same ideograph is occasionally pronounced quite differently by the same people; for example, in the names of the famous print artists Harunobu and Shunsho the ideograph pronounced in one case Haru and in the other case Shun is the same, very much as we may pronounce the English word "slough" in three different ways, according to its meaning. The Koreans use Chinese ideographs, and these are pronounced by Koreans and by Japanese in different ways, just as the Greek word Euripides is pronounced quite differently by Frenchmen and Englishmen; but when the Koreans see the word Seoul or Keijo printed or written in their own language it looks exactly as it always has.

I trust that even if what I have written does not make the matter wholly clear, it will at least show that there is an explanation, and, in justice to the long-suffering Japanese, it seems only fair not to heckle them for the reading of their own ideographs, which they do their best to transliterate into English for us, even putting both pronunciations down, as your correspondent noted, on all time-tables, etc., so that the itinerant Occidental can take his choice without being aggrieved. LOUIS V. LEDOUX.

New York.

BILL ADAMS SENDS A SALTY GREETING TO THE AUTHOR OF "HAVEN"[1]

Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

GOD forbid that I should be a nuisance!

But—it is your fault for writing those verses.

A great many leagues from my home there stands a small square-towered church among great old wind-twisted trees, surrounded by many ancient tombstones. It is a place where you may find wild violets growing and primroses in the spring. It is just within the shelter of a headland that overlooks a gray sea—blue sometimes in summer, but gray in my memory mostly. There is a much-battered figurehead there beside a deep-green yew tree, commemorating the wreck of a ship, with her entire company, on the shore of that very gray sea. Landward the green hills slope away, smooth and peaceful; shoreward the sea calls.

For a reason which I am unable to sound the deeps of, the first stanza of your poem brought at once to my eyes the beauty of that scene of a far-away childhood.

There lies, down the blue highroad of

[1] A poem by Harold T. Pulsifer which appeared in The Outlook for September 14, 1921.

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FROM THE MAIL BAG (*Continued*)

the trade-blown Atlantic, an island rich in beauty. Once at sunrise I sailed into its harbor.

There are houses close to the sea; houses that are many of them white, others are blue, and there are also pink houses and houses of pale green; there are large pepper trees and low-hanging palms there; and flowers of the most brilliant coloring abound. Cliffs rise almost perpendicularly from the deep blue of the Atlantic to the mountain ridges above, where there are laurels and heather trees forty feet high, often hidden in the low-hung clouds.

There is a stone breakwater there, broken by the raging of the Atlantic in several places, but a thing of great strength and of a silent loveliness that I am unable to try to express. There used to be a great iron bell upon the end of that breakwater.

For a reason that I do not try to find, your second stanza brings to me the glory of my days of roving in that island that is so beautiful.

There is, they say, a river called the Styx, and at its brink a ferryman who waits beside his little wherry.

There are many who speak of this ferryman as an aged, crabbed fellow, who takes pleasure in ferrying frightened souls across his dark river.

I like to think of him rather as a young man, of perhaps original taste, who chose this particular task of his at the ferry for the pleasure that he would find in meeting each and all of the comrades of his youth when their turn came to take a crossing with him.

I like to think that across that darkly flowing stream there is an old, old wharf at which a lovely clipper lies at moorings waiting for *me*.

I like to think that a day will come when I shall take young Charon by his hand and bid him farewell, going aboard my waiting clipper and casting moorings loose, to set sail for a glowing shore below a glowing sea rim.

I like to think that the sea will be there—more wonderful even than the blue Atlantic or the gray sea by the little churchyard of my youth.

What would one ask, a sailor, but that it should be his good fortune to swing seawards with a lofty clipper from that old wharf?

It may be that the great Captain of all fleets will bid his angels cease from their singing that he may bow his glorious head to harken, smiling, to the rough songs that we bring to him from the decks and from the seas and harbors of our mortal voyages?

Who shall say?

God, who gave to us our sea, will not take from us its loveliness?

Pardon me for thus taking your time, and for thus intruding my foolish thoughts upon you.

I have no money to send you for your verses—thank God that money is but a little thing of no great value here, and of none along that old wharf's plankings.

But I wished to say to you thank you.

BILL ADAMS.

The demands of the children for a "tasty" drink are well met by

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Unsurpassed mt. & river view. On New York-Albany State road, near N. Y. Central R. R. *Physical training,* tennis and other sports. Terms $25–$40. Write Miss E. E. NIKEL.

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An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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For the care and treatment of nervous and mild mental affections. Separate cottage for male patients. For particulars address P. O. Box 73, New Brunswick, N. J., or phone 2290.

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A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address *for terms* Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

Real Estate

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JAMAICA, B. W. I.
Bungalow near Mandeville and within 2½ hours' motoring from Kingston
2450 feet above sea level. Fully furnished stone house containing 4 bedrooms, 1 drawing room, 1 dining room, bathroom, pantry, etc., 10 foot verandah on three sides, garage, also all necessary outhouses. 55 acres—flower and vegetable gardens, grazing pastures, orchards, 23 head of cattle. Will rent for £300 per annum.
Address F. N. Whitelake, Grange Hill, Jamaica, B. W. I.

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FOR SALE IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE BERKSHIRES, *Litchfield County, Connecticut,* a country place of about 8 acres, with Colonial house, stable, etc., icehouse, two-car garage, flower and vegetable gardens, individual water supply and sewage disposal system. Admirable church and school advantages and golf. Price $50,000. For further information address 5,881, Outlook.

FLORIDA

For Sale or Rent Two Furnished Bungalows one 8 rooms, bath, sleeping porches, screened throughout; one 3 rooms, bath; facing Indian River, short drive to ocean beach. Garage. 2½ acres in grove. 700 ft. dock. **For particulars address Box "M," Cocoa, Fla.**

To Rent for Season, $1,250 house of 5 bedrooms, two baths, furnace; best location. Address J. W., First National Bank, De Land, Fla.

For Sale FIVE ACRES PECAN and ORANGE GROVE on highway in **Jefferson Co., Florida.** Write for particulars. 5,933, Outlook.

Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

LEONIA, N. J. FOR SALE
8-Room Fireproof House. 2 baths, large plot, 20 minutes by trolley to Fort Lee ferry. Price $15,000. Phone Leonia 721.

Apartments

FLORENCE, ITALY To let, charming apartment of 3 bedrooms and large salon facing south, overlooking gardens in a private house. Meals will be furnished. French, Italian, and English spoken. Only an engagement of several months would be considered. 5,949, Outlook.

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LADY agents wanted to sell an article of universal demand; quick seller; takes at sight. Liberal pay. Address Box 2685, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS coining money selling Universal Gas Savers for every gas stove. Wonderful device. Cuts gas bills in half. Increases heat. Popular prices, 100% profit. Exclusive territory. Write quick. B. A. Moore, Gas Saver Company, Topeka, Kan.

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WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. *Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency,* Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, secretaries, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston, Trinity Court, 16 Jackson Hall, Thursdays 11 to 1. *Address Providence.*

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee: housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, secretaries, mother's helpers, attendants. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

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HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED, for Bernardsville, N. J., a registered trained nurse for rural district *nursing. A fully furnished* house, light, heat, telephone, and transportation provided. Salary $125 per month. One month's vacation a year with salary. Nurse must find housekeeper, who may be relative, friend, or *servant. There is also a vacancy for an infant* welfare nurse. Please reply to Visiting Nurse Association of Somerset Hills, P. O. Box 45, Far Hills, N. J.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Companion-secretary. Chicago *in winter, New Hampshire in summer.* Must be interested and willing to help with vegetable and flower gardens. Permanent position. In reply state experience, references, and salary expected. 433, Outlook.

WANTED — Working housekeeper to do cooking only. Must be experienced and willing. Salary $80. *Wanted also, mother's* helper to do chamber work, sewing, and help in care of three children. Salary $60. In country New Hampshire all the year. Refined home with all modern conveniences, including electric stove. *No servants need apply.* Prefer ladies who have had their own homes. In reply state experience, age, give references. 434, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined person to go to Florida to act as maid, seamstress, and assist generally about house. Wages fifty-five a month *and expenses. Answer "Westlands," Bronx*ville, N. Y.

WANTED—Dietitian in large State hospital in the West. One with experience preferred. Good salary and full maintenance. Applicants will please furnish photograph. 468, Outlook.

WANTED — Practical nurse to care for *elderly lady and her house. Two in family;* modern bungalow; college town; delightful country. 496, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, Scotch, 7 years' reference, Protestant, well trained and competent, good seamstress, desires care of infant or young child. Jane Lindsay, Rydal, Pa. Telephone Ogoutz 756 (near Philadelphia).

ASSOCIATE for child or woman (Protestant) whose case requires individual care *and study. Specially interested in correcting* mental mal-adjustments, 423, Outlook.

REGISTERED nurse desires public health position; visiting, industrial, office, or school. 515, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARY, college graduate, five years' experience in bookkeeping, stenography, correspondence, etc. Good references. 466, Outlook.

SECRETARY — Well educated woman, stenographer, typist, general; full or part time. Highest references. *Moderate terms.* 489, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY woman, successful educational work as teacher and director, several years' business experience as secretary-cor*respondent, desires position in New York or* with headquarters here. 505, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY *with ample leisure and wide experi*ence in the management of larger or smaller households, desires position as visiting housekeeper, companion or secretary in New York City. 355, Outlook.

WANTED.—Experienced woman wishes position as working housekeeper for business women, widower, or companion to semi-invalid. No objection to children. 448, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion in cultured family. Will assist with housekeeping if desired. 454, Outlook.

POSITION as companion desired. Best of references given and required, also personal interview. 488, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, experienced, for widower, business woman's home. Coaches children in French, piano. Or housemother in school. Sympathetic in illness. Executive. References. 495, Outlook.

WANTED—Position to assist in the home by capable, active elderly *gentlewoman. Mrs.* H. Andrews, 1711 University Ave., New York City.

SECRETARY, reader, chaperon, and traveling companion desires engagement. 499, Outlook.

REFINED woman of good judgment wishes *care of child four years or older in family* going to milder climate or as companion to woman of culture. Fond of children and good reader. 226 Main St., Pine Grove, Pa.

WANTED — Position housekeeper, companion, or care linen room. Miss Deans, 421 North St., Burlington, Vt.

CAPABLE Protestant woman wishes position as mother's assistant or as attendant *housekeeper to elderly people. Competent* of managing a home and help. Country preferred. Reference. 504, Outlook.

YOUNG college graduate, adaptable, in excellent health, desires position as secretary, companion, or governess. Will travel. References exchanged. 502, Outlook.

WANTED—Executive position of trust in home of wealth and refinement by lady well *adapted to take charge of servants.* 508, Outlook.

COMPANION desires position accompanying lady going to California. References exchanged. J. Pennock, 1744 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

PHYSICIAN'S WIDOW will accept *position trust (nothing menial) where she would* associate with cultured people. Would give versatile services. Small compensation and maintenance. References exchanged. 511, Outlook.

YOUNG English woman, ex-war nurse, desires to see America as traveling companion or chaperon. Large salary not chief attraction. 514, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion to Protestant lady spending winter in Florida. No salary required if all expenses are paid. 513, *Outlook.*

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG man, experienced in child caring institution, settlement work, case work, and teaching, desires executive position in home for boys. Best references. 341, Outlook.

WANTED—College or normal school teaching or administrative position. Experience offered: Education—A.B., A.M., Phi Beta Kappa; successful work as educational executive; *teaching experience in higher* schools; much practice in public speaking; successful work as business administrator. Address 462, Outlook.

TUTORS — Two gentlemen, Manhattan residents, twelve years' teaching experience, will tutor backward or advanced pupils. *Grammar or high school subjects. Individual* or classes. 465, Outlook.

PROTESTANT clergyman, teaching in New York City technical school, will tutor private pupils at their homes, afternoons and Saturday mornings, grammar or high school subjects. Three college degrees. References. 492, *Outlook.*

TRAINED Englishwoman, house mother *in school or governess; Latin, French, music,* stenography. American references. 512, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher desires position private school; experienced in all grades. 516, Outlook.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

PEN-NAMES again conceal the identity of nearly all of the contestants in Prize Contest No. 4. The Outlook continues to be a father-confessor to its readers, while "The Turning Point" as a contest-title seems to be cleaving unusually fertile ground and unearthing dramatic human episodes. We hope "The Turning Point" will not lay too great a tax on your powers of introspection. We do not insist that contestants confine their letters to explosions of the soul. You may be as commercial or as material as you like. We should welcome letters having to do with the turning point in your business if you are a man or woman of affairs. America is full of men who started in life as newsboys and wound up as corporation heads; and we hope that many of our contestants will prove to be merchant kings and industrial leaders, willing to disclose to our readers just when and how the turning point occurred in their careers. The present contest closes October 21.

A SUBSCRIBER in Prattsburg, New York, agrees to renew his subscription as soon as he can sell some potatoes. He advises us also that he has two clips of wool that he cannot sell at any price. If you are in the market for either potatoes or wool, we shall be glad to send you his name and address.

THE president of a Dayton, Ohio, rubber manufacturing company writes us, *apropos of our recent article entitled* "Rubber's Right of Way:" "Articles on important industrial subjects written by men of high authority in their fields will do more to popularize your magazine and cause it to be read by business men than anything else you could do. Manufacturers and merchants in all lines are seeking information and inspiration from others who can point the way to bigger and better business, and hence eagerly read such articles as you are publishing. As publisher of a very high-class magazine you can put heart *into scores of business men. I have* been preaching courage, optimism, and aggressiveness to our sales force for months past, with the result that we have already more than doubled our entire business over 1920, and we are still going strong. Apparently with us there is no such thing as 'bad business.'"

SHERMAN ROGERS has just returned from a trip to Arkansas, where he has been levelling a penetrating eye at its industrial and financial conditions. His article on what he saw and learned in Arkansas will appear in an early issue of The Outlook.

TEACHERS who have been in the habit of using The Outlook or some other weekly journal of opinion in their classrooms may have, upon request, a circular entitled "A Merger of Weeklies," which we believe will prove of special interest to them.

IF you are an occasional reader but not a regular subscriber to The Outlook, we suggest that you read the special *subscription offer on another page of* this issue.

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If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments—so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided?

500,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS for backward child. Can take full care of child. Experience. 496, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher desires position as tutor, companion, or governess. Knowledge German, English. Would travel. 500, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, refined, educated, music, sewing, secretary, highest references, seeks position. 507, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED to buy on contract or lease with prospect of buying promising business college. 422, Outlook.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department. The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

TRUNKS, bags, suitcases. Why pay two middlemen profits? Buy from factory direct. Send for free catalog. Monarch Trunk Factory, Spring Valley, Ill.

BOARDING school for boys. Scholarship materially reducing cost of board and tuition for services in office and library. Applicants must be over fifteen years of age and must furnish testimonials of good character and scholarship. Address 456, Outlook.

FREE UNITARIAN LITERATURE. Correspondence solicited. Mrs. Helen Whiton, Hingham Center, Mass.

MOTHER, conscientious and warm-hearted, desires to take child from 1 to 16 years in her attractive Christian home. Child would have every advantage and best of care. Educational facilities. The home wants the child. Is there a child in need of such a home? Compensation arranged. 487, Outlook.

LET me help you with your club paper. Expert service. 493, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse of children's hospital would give special care and training to three or four delicate or motherless children in her comfortable home, suburban part of Philadelphia, Pa. Terms according to care required. Excellent references. 491, Outlook.

OPPORTUNITY for boy under fourteen. College woman, artist's wife, offers: home Park Ave. section; progressive schools; companionship her boy; atmosphere, art, music. Tutoring if desired. 494, Outlook.

OKLAHOMA farms. Write for free agricultural booklet. Board of Commerce, Shawnee, Okla.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE IS SOLICITED FOR A HIGH GRADE MEDICAL SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL. 509, Outlook.

Have You a Rare Book, a Carved Chest, or a Personal Talent to Sell?

There may not be any hidden treasures in any of your chests or cabinets, but there may be some rare old book in your library, some historic piece of plate in your cupboard, or some talent of your own that might be advantageously marketed by means of a brief advertisement in The Outlook's classified advertising section.

Thousands have advertised property, employment, and other opportunities in this way and have profited by it. Unemployed have used it effectively to secure positions.

Those of you who have read The Outlook regularly for years without having made use of this classified advertising service have overlooked a practical opportunity of unusual possibilities.

If you are in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant, you will probably find that a small advertisement in this department will bring prompt and gratifying results.

The steady growth of this department bears witness to its ability to get results.

The advertising rate in this section is only ten cents per word, including name and address.

Decide now what you need or what you want to sell, and then send us your advertisement before you forget about it.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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CONTEST NUMBER FOUR

The Turning Point

WE have all stood at the crossroads. We have all made memorable decisions. To some of us the Turning Point comes early in life. To others it comes late. For the best letters describing the Turning Point in a life we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Was your Turning Point found in school, in college, in business, in marriage, or failure to marry? Was your decision made with the help of teacher, parent, or friend? Or did you go it alone? Did you come upon it after a disaster or a great happiness? Or an accumulation of little things? Do you regret or rejoice in the Turn that you made?

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before October 21.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

BY THE WAY

"Two colored people I know have just got married, and they sent me an invitation to their wedding," a reader tells us. It reads:

> You are cordially invited to participate and enjoy the festivities of Mr. and Mrs. ——, at their residence ——, September 1, 1921, 9 P.M. Service sanitary."

"I was at a loss to understand," our subscriber says, "what the phrase 'Service sanitary' signified. I saw George a day or two after I received the invitation and asked him to elucidate. He replied: 'Well, sir, a good many colored people have died lately from poisoned ice-cream, and I wanted to make them feel that there wasn't no poison in my ice-cream. If I didn't tell them so, I knew they wouldn't buy any ice-cream at the wedding.' I told George I was a little surprised that after inviting his friends to his wedding he was going to charge them for refreshments. His comment was: 'Well, you white folks does one thing and us colored folks does different. I am going to make some money out of my weddin'.'"

The German photographic supplies which are coming into the American market are in some cases accompanied by directions "done into English" of a comical sort. Here is a sample from a circular that accompanies a German film pack: "Pull out the tabs straightly and with steady firm drawing. . . . Old bathes are to be avoided on all accounts, because giving easily stripes. . . . Do not employ for drying the films baths, containing acetone or alcool. The films can be dried at convenience hanging freely or pinned up on a board etc. A sticking on with the backside is not to be feared, as the films have no back."

An English duchess, a subscriber writes, apropos of a story in this column, had been owing her milliner a long time. The money was sorely needed, and after the bill had been repeatedly ignored, the milliner finally sent her little daughter to collect it.

"Be sure to say 'Your Grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the presence of the duchess, the little girl made a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful."

The quick-witted duchess flushed as her eyes rested on the wistful child who so unconsciously had rebuked her, and without delay made out a check for the amount due to the milliner.

The second-hand book dealer was invited by a book collector to bid for the "weeds" of his collection, a literary periodical says. "'They're no good to me,' was his disconcerting reply. 'What, none of them?' 'No, not one.' Some one suggested that as the books had to go the dealer might better have them for

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ıothing. It was a bitter moment, but inally I assented. The man then remarked: 'That'll be half a dollar.' 'Half dollar for what?' 'For taking them .way.'"

Concerning the "rhymed geography" nquired for in this column, a subscriber ays, amplifying a reply published reently: "In the middle fifties we had 'elton's Key to Outline Maps, in which very portion of the earth's surface was ut into verse. This Outline Map is till preserved and hangs in the library all of our dwelling. Its delicate blue vaves are just as bright as they were ixty years ago." Here are sample ines:

New Jersey is the next we name,
A fruit-producing State.
At Trenton, its metropolis,
The Hessians met their fate.

North Carolina, famed for tar,
Turpentine and gold,
By Raleigh on the river Neuse
Is legally controlled.

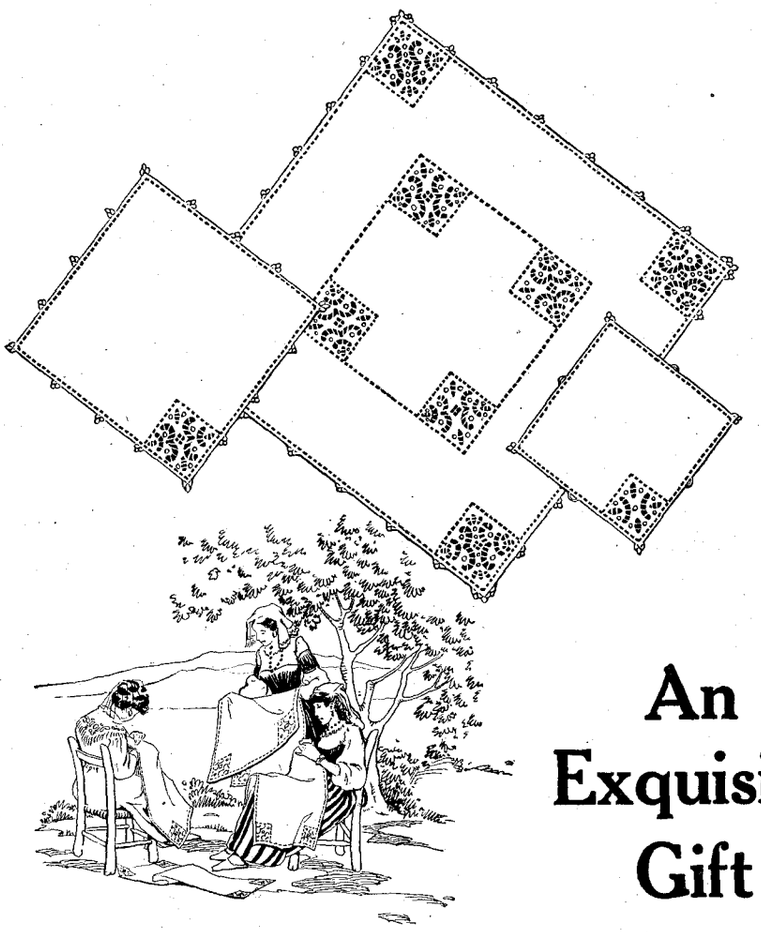
South Carolina's marshy fields
Its rice and cotton see.
Columbia is the capital,
Upon the Congaree.

Seasoned railway men say that never ithin their recollection has there been uch a raft of tramps jumping trains as ere are to-day. So says a press desatch from Albany, New York. "They y," the despatch goes on, "that they re virtually taking their lives in their ands in walking along to inspect the ars of their trains at night. Peace fficials of most of the towns situated long railway lines refuse to jail these amps and let them go under suspended entence, the reason being that these owns cannot afford to keep the tramps n their lockups for several days. It is aid that one town, where an obliging agistrate had developed a habit of ending railway tramps to the cooler, is bout $2,000 in debt for expenditures inurred for the care of these prisoners."

A correspondent who is fond of readıg advertisements sends this, from an nnouncement in the "National Bottlers' azette," as an example of mixed ideas: Doubtless you are aware that the Soda ountain business is gradually increasıg by leaps and bounds."

This is matched by the following from ıe editorial columns of the New York Herald" (once the "Sun," edited by that urist in the use of English, Charles A. ana): "Her tourists can still wander ndisturbed through her piazzettas . . . riven by a motor instead of by the now ıpidly growing extinct gondolier."

"The Prime Minister and the Archishop of Wales are not judges at the isteddfod," a Welsh friend of The utlook writes in explanation of the icture on page 16 of our issue of Sepmber 3. "They are simply distinuished guests, who are invited to speak, sing, or read a poem, as the case may e. The stone in the center of the picıre is called the Logan stone; upon it ıe Archdruid stands facing the east."



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